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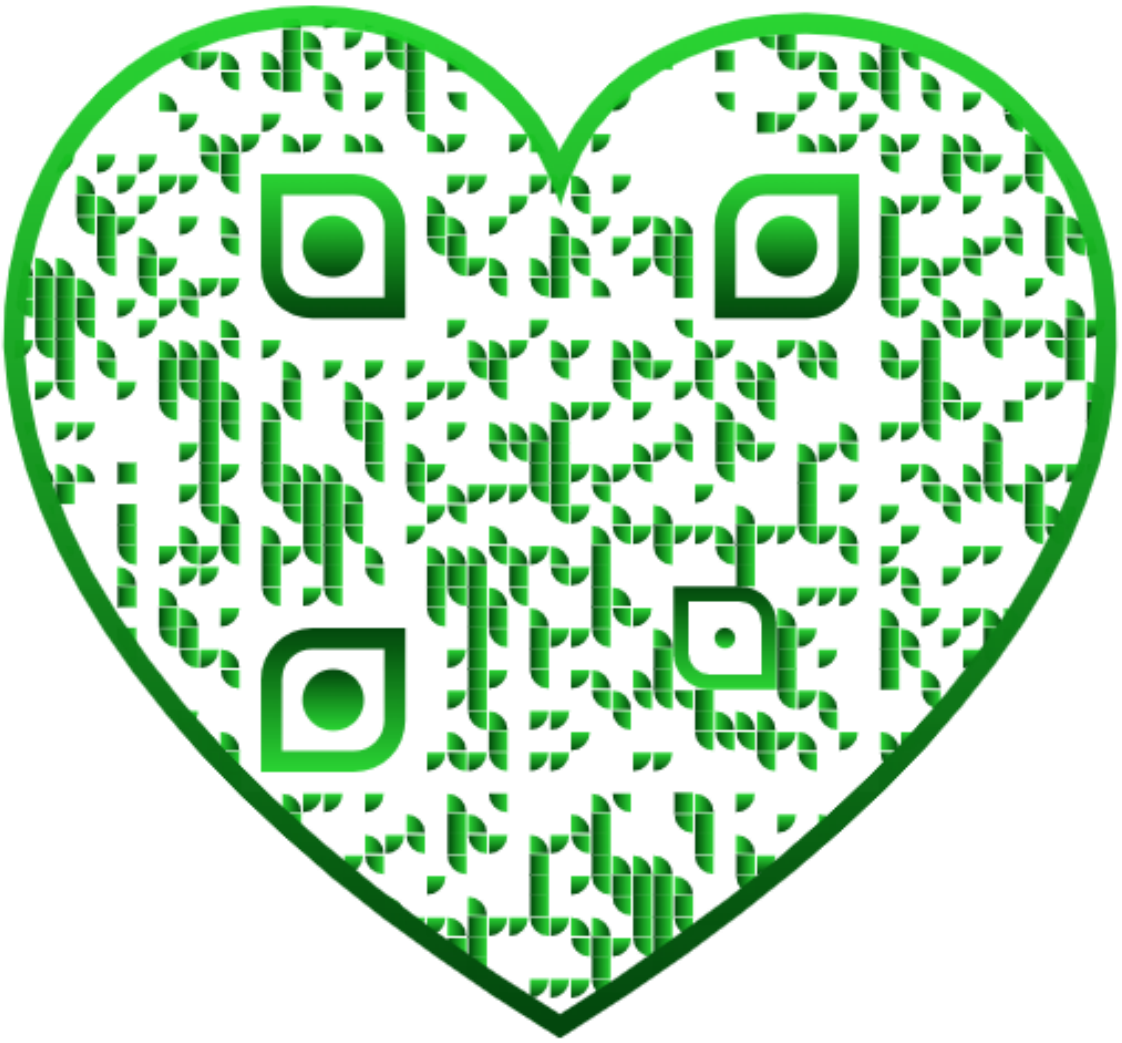

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COVER STORY

LED ZEPPELIN — 4
The Second Coming

FEATURES

THIN LIZZY — 12
Step by Step

ROXY MUSIC — 14
Modern Times

ROCK STARS MAKE LOUSY LOVERS! — 25
The Nasty Habits Of Mick, Rod, Jim and Elvis

THE POLICE — 28
Do Or Die

JOHN COUGAR — 31
Foolish Behavior

PRETENDERS — 36
Rhythm & Booze

KROKUS — 41
Unsafe At Any Speed

PAT BENATAR — 57
Torrid Zone

BLUE OYSTER CULT — 60
Great Balls Of Fire

DEPARTMENTS

THAT'S UNBEARABLE — 8
AC/DC's Angus Young & Bon Scott

WE READ YOUR MAIL — 10

ROOTS: RIOT IN BROOKLYN — 15

SONG INDEX — 16

RIK EMMETT'S ROCKTOONS — 21

RECORD REVIEWS — 22

CELEBRITY RATE-A-RECORD: JOE "KING" CARRASCO — 24

SO YOU WANT TO BE A ROCK STAR? — 30
Quarterflash: Self-Made Records

CENTERFOLD: JUDAS PRIEST — 32

PICK HIT: THE WAITRESSES — 34

SHOOTING STARS — 35
Aldo Nova, Tom Tom Club, Blasters, Johnny and the Distractions

HEAVY METAL HAPPENINGS — 38
New Monthly Feature: All The Latest News & Gossip

ROCK 'N' ROLL HIT PARADE — 39
Rick Medlocke, Dave Murray and Bob Kulick: Their All-Time Favorite LPs

ROCK POLL — 39
Win Free UFO and PRISM LPs

HIT PARADER SPORTS CHALLENGE: SAXON — 40

CAUGHT IN THE ACT — 62
J. Geils Band, Joan Armatrading

Cover photo by Bob Gruen/STARFILE

LED ZEPPELIN

THE SECOND COMING?

Hit Parader Exclusive: What's Happening And What To Expect.

by Andy Secher

The year was 1968, and Jimmy Page had a problem. His group, The Yardbirds, had just splintered, and after a five-year career that included studio work with the Who and Kinks in addition to his Yardbird experience, he suddenly found himself a guitarist without a band.

Before long, however, an idea struck him. "I felt that the Yardbirds were still a viable band," he stated in 1970, "so I thought, 'why not form a new Yardbirds?' " With the aid of manager Peter Grant, he contacted bassist John Paul Jones, whom he had worked with a few years earlier during a session for Donovan's **Hurdy Gurdy Man** album. With a lucrative tour of Scandinavia still on the Yardbirds' itinerary at the time of their breakup, Page and Jones were anxious to find two additional musicians and form a group that could take advantage of this financial plum.

They first called upon vocalist Terry Reid, a talented performer who had enjoyed a number of late-'60s solo hits in England, and drummer B.J. Wilson, who was then with Procol Harum. Both immediately sensed that the "New Yardbirds" project could be hugely successful, but due to previous commitments, they were forced to turn down the offer to join. "At the time my solo career was doing quite well," Reid said a number of years later. "I knew that any project with Jimmy behind it stood an excellent chance of being successful, but, quite simply, my being part of that band just wasn't in the cards."

At Reid's suggestion, Page and Grant journeyed down to Surrey, England to see an unknown group called Band of Joy perform. That group was fronted by a tall, lean, blond singer named Robert Plant, who lit the small club on fire with his vocal skills. Overwhelmed by Plant's stage presence, Page immediately tried to coax him into

Peter Mazel

Robert Plant: "We're like a family. It's not that we fear outsiders, just that we've grown to know what to expect from each other."

Peter Mazel

Led Zeppelin, when rock was young: Jimmy Page, Robert Plant, John Paul Jones, John Bonham.

his fold. Plant hedged, requesting that the drummer from Band of Joy be included in the invitation to join. That drummer was John Bonham, and the rest, as they say, is history.

It's unlikely that Page had even the faintest notion what he was creating when he first conceived of this 'temporary' band designed only to fulfill the Yardbirds' touring commitments. But over the next twelve years those four musicians, rechristened Led Zeppelin by the late Keith Moon (they had also considered names like The Mad Dogs and, believe it or not, Whoopee Cushion), set musical precedents that are still being admired today. They manipulated rock and roll's elements with a style that allowed them to become the heavy metal masters.

"We've always been a blues band at heart," Robert Plant said. "It may not be the loftiest of aspirations, but it's really all we've ever wanted to be." Building on that blues foundation, Led Zeppelin created a sound that, combined rock power, jazz eclectism and pop accessibility.

Unlike so many of their heavy metal compatriots, they managed to perform even their most bone-crunching material with a deft touch, and as a result attracted one of the most diversified and loyal audiences in the history of popular music. From the folk-oriented charm of *Battle of Evermore* to the pure raunch of *Whole Lotta Love*, Led Zeppelin was, quite simply, the ultimate rock and roll band.

Regrettably, with the death of John Bonham in 1980, the wheels that had driven Zeppelin to the top of the rock world came to a grinding halt. Unlike the Who, who had managed to quickly fill the shoes of Keith Moon and keep on rockin', the three surviving Zep members seemed strangely unable, or unwilling, to tamper with what had become the Led Zeppelin legacy. Was it that a decade of musical overkill had tapped the band's desire to once again hit the rock and roll trail? Could it be that the specter of "black magic," that was rumored to be casting a shadow over the group's career, had finally caught up with them? Or was it just that Bonham's unexpected death left a void that could never be filled?

"We've always done what we wanted. I don't think that there's been a case where we've let fashion affect what we've done."

"The rhythm section has always been the backbone of this band," Jimmy Page told us after we contended that it was Page and Plant who were the nucleus of the Zeppelin sound. "Without the drummer we could never function as we do." Yet despite his ability to be in control in any given situation — after all he was the band's producer, guitarist and principal songwriter — Page appeared the most shaken by Bonham's death. According to friends, he retreated to his mansion on the shores of Loch Ness to reflect on the band's loss, as well as on what the future might hold.

"We're like a family," Plant stated. "It's not that we fear outsiders, just that we've grown to know what to expect from each other." For nearly two years following Bonham's death the surviving members of Led Zeppelin were musically reclusive, and, except for a brief, enigmatic statement issued shortly after Bonham's passing, they remained, as one source close to the band put it, "missing in action."

Like UFOs, they were reportedly seen everywhere, but few of these sightings could be confirmed. On one weekend Plant would allegedly be seen entering a club in Los Angeles, while at the same time another source would have him recording in London. Led Zeppelin was always a band shrouded in mystery and intrigue, but in their absence that element was enhanced.

Kate Simon

Jimmy Page at the Knebworth Festival in 1979, Zeppelin's last performance: "If we were really evil I suppose we'd just put out lots of records and make loads of money."

Recently, however, the cloak of intrigue is beginning to lift, giving us tantalizing, though by no means definitive, glimpses of what the future may hold for Led Zeppelin. With the recently released soundtrack from the movie **Death Wish II** written and produced by Jimmy Page, the first post-Bonham work by any Zep member has surfaced. Regrettably, however, the record's appearance has generated as many questions as it has answered. Yes, Jimmy Page has returned to action, proving wrong those who forecasted that he would never pick up his guitar again, but does this new work signal a recommitment to rock and roll or is it just a means of whiling away a few idle hours?

The material on **Death Wish II** is a far cry from vintage Zeppelin, except for *Who's To Blame*, and Page has stated that his work was designed expressly to break away from the Zeppelin mold. Yet the album's arrival confirms one important fact — that the members of Led Zeppelin are at last ready to come out of mourning and once again put their musical skills on public display.

While Page was busy at work on the **Death Wish II** soundtrack, Robert Plant was also in the studio with a wide variety of musicians, including Genesis drummer/vocalist Phil Collins. Collins appears on five tracks recorded for a planned Plant solo album — slated for mid-Summer release — and has expressed interest in working on new Plant projects.

Plant has also laid down a number of tracks with ex-Rainbow, and current Michael Schenker Band drummer Cozy Powell (a leading candidate for the Zep vacancy), but whether any of this material will ever see the light of day is not clear. As a scholar of early British history, Plant has always had a soft spot for folk music and traditional English melodies, and he has often expressed a desire to feature mandolins and lutes in his music. "I've always admired the Incredible String Band," he said. "They seem so unrestrained in the type of music they can play."

A redesigned Led Zeppelin could easily take on this more expansive look, augmenting the basic bass/guitar alignment with a wide variety of instruments that would once again cast Zeppelin squarely in the forefront of rock progressivism. On many occasions Page has bemoaned the limited artistic range afforded a band with only one lead instrument.

In the past, the task of creating a variety of musical sounds and textures was often the responsibility of Jones' synthesizer; yet, considering the motivation of Plant and Page to expand a new version of Zeppelin, the band may be thoroughly different from its four-man predecessor. "We've always done what we've wanted," Page said shortly before Zeppelin's live appearance at the Knebworth Festival in 1979. "That doesn't mean that we're not aware of what's going on. But I don't think that there's been a case where we've let fashion affect what we've done."

Of all the current Zeppelin rumors, the most promising and

exciting deals with what has become known as the XYZ Band. Comprised of Page and Plant, along with ex-Yes members Chris Squire and Alan White, this unit recorded a number of tracks in England last year, then headed their separate ways. Evidently XYZ was viewed as a permanent aggregation by Squire and White — who dissolved Yes in order to be part of the project —but it was a temporary diversion for Page and Plant. The four musicians remain strong friends, however, and there is every reason to believe that the XYZ Band will reform in the near future.

"I don't know if Jimmy or Robert really want to get involved with any full-time projects right now," a well-informed record company executive said recently. "They've all lived fairly regimented lives over the last decade, with Zeppelin controlling virtually all their actions. Now they seem to be enjoying the freedom of not having to tour or record unless they want to. It'll take a strong project to bring 'Zep-mania' back again. Let's face it, they're not kids anymore, and I don't think they really want to subject themselves to the hazards of Led Zeppelin again. They all still love music, but they're all very intelligent men who have outside interests that take up much of their time."

For Page, his interest constitutes a fascination with the occult and black magic — a force that many feel has had dire consequences on the band's career. Throughout Zeppelin's history, band members have been plagued by a strange series of incidents and accidents that have ranged from unexplained injuries suffered by their crew, to the deaths of both Bonham and Plant's young son Karac. While Page has sold his London bookstore that catered to an exclusive clientele interested in occult literature, he still lives in the home of mystic Aleister Crowley, called by many "the most wicked man who ever lived."

The mansion, called Boleskine House by local residents, sits perched high over the shores of Loch Ness in Scotland (yes, the one with the monster). It features an underground passageway where Crowley held sacrificial ceremonies (which allegedly included humans). That passageway now leads to Crowley's grave. It is said that Crowley's ghost still haunts the mansion, and Page frequently tries to contact it through seances and spiritual readings.

Page has turned the mansion into a shrine to Crowley and the occult. He has even commissioned avowed satanist Charles Pace to decorate his home with motifs depicting various forms of ritualistic magic. Robert Plant, who once shared Page's fascination for the occult, now refuses to even visit Boleskine House, believing that it curses all who come in contact with it.

While Jimmy Page has always openly acknowledged his interest in Crowley and black magic, he has remained amused, if not annoyed, by those who connect his interests with the tragedies that have plagued the members of Led Zeppelin and its entourage. Ironically, while death, sickness or injury have touched every other band member in recent years (including Plant's serious auto accident and Jones' battle with pneumonia during a European tour), Page has been trouble-free, as if some unseen force is watching over him. "I imagine it (black magic) is far more sensational than, say, pre-Raphaelite artists," he said. "I can tell you far more about their work than the bizarre antics of Crowley, however. If we were really evil (in Zeppelin) I suppose we'd just put out lots of records and make loads of money. I hope that's not so."

Page's dabbling with black magic, coupled with Led Zeppelin's larger-than-life image, has given the band a mystical aura. The two-year reclusion fueled that feeling, but after 14 years as the most famous rock band in the world, the lure of additional fame and fortune doesn't have the power to draw them out of their self-imposed exile. Their pride, however, may provide the impetus: "We've always taken great pride in what this band has accomplished," Plant has said.

What the future holds for Led Zeppelin is still open for conjecture and debate. It seems certain that in the months to come they will once again make their presence felt on the rock and roll scene. Most likely this reappearance will feature solo efforts and a partnership between the Page/Plant team with Chris Squire and Alan White — The XYZ Band. White and Squire's highly regarded musical skills blend perfectly with the talents of Page and Plant, and they would form a band fully capable of standing up to the legend of Led Zeppelin.

Jimmy Page concluded by saying: "I'm just dying to get out there. It'll need some time to get it together, because I don't want to do anything that isn't 100% terrific. It would be silly to even think about going on with Zeppelin; it would have been a total insult to John. I couldn't have played the numbers and looked 'round and seen someone else on the drums. It wouldn't have been an honest thing to do. No, it'll be new ideas, new material and I'm ready to do it. Music is more than just notes and chords. To me it's an ongoing process that can never die."□

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The legendary John Bonham: His death in 1980 had such an impact on Led Zeppelin that they have not performed since.

"It would be silly to even think about going on with Zeppelin; it would have been a total insult to John."

THAT'S Unbearable

AC/DC's ANGUS YOUNG and the late BON SCOTT

Peter Mazel

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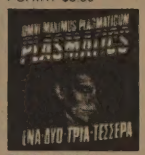

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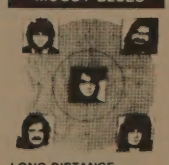

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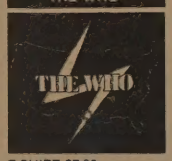

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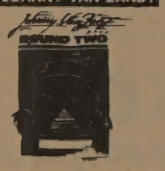

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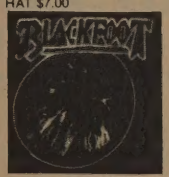

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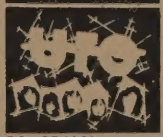

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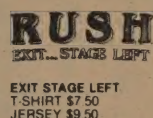

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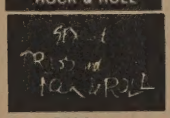

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WE READ YOUR Mail

In response to Chris Lauerman's letter, I must say that I believe Ric Ocasek of the Cars is the best songwriter in existence. I'll agree that Roger Waters of Pink Floyd writes well, but Neil Peart of Rush?

Sue Stover
West Haven, Ct.

At least you can understand Ric Ocasek's lyrics. Roger Waters just screams into a microphone.

Mitchell Aucoin
Westwego, La.

Black Sabbath's Ronnie James Dio has a lot of fuckin' nerve telling everyone that **Heaven and Hell** was the reason for the new acceptance of heavy metal. AC/DC's **Back In Black**, which sold seven million copies, was solely responsible for the resurgence of heavy metal, and Black Sabbath had nothing to do with it. **Heaven and Hell** couldn't even make gold status, and it's supposed to bring heavy metal to new commercial heights! Ha!

Jimmy Kidd
Hicksville, N.Y.

All the groups — Stones, Van Halen, Foreigner — sound the same. Blondie is the only good group around.

Jimmy Ingram
Nauvos, Al.

Adam Ant with Liza Minnelli: "Antpeople are the warriors."

I don't agree one bit with your dim view of Adam and the Ants. They're the best group in the world! You simply have no taste whatsoever.

Amy Donaldson
Hemet, Ca.

Antpeople are the warriors!

John Kovacich
Rock Springs, Wy.

Blackfoot blew the Outlaws off the stage in Greensboro, N.C. I left a little after the Outlaws went on and walked by the backstage entrance. Blackfoot was getting ready to get on the bus. I shook Rick Medlocke's hand and kissed him and my friend hugged him and got Jackson Spire's autograph. That never would have happened with a band like Van Halen unless they wanted a piece of ass.

Betty Jane Sellers
Raleigh, N.C.

I had the pleasure of meeting the Plasmatics, and they went out of their way to make sure I got backstage passes. They always stop to talk, unlike David Lee Roth of Van Halen, who, as I've read many times, would rather tell people to fuck off than stop and talk with them.

Kevin Guinn
E. Douglas, Ma.

Man, I am sick of Wendy O. of the Plasmatics. Where does she get off telling us what rock is? The only thing she does is grunt. True rockers give audiences what they want; she plays around, acting sick with guitars.

Carla Harvey
Alexandria, La.

Your review of Pat Benatar's **Precious Time** was true-to-shit. You criticized everything about her, and you don't even know her. She has a great voice and would look ten times better in spandex pants than you would.

Alex C.
Oakland, Ca.

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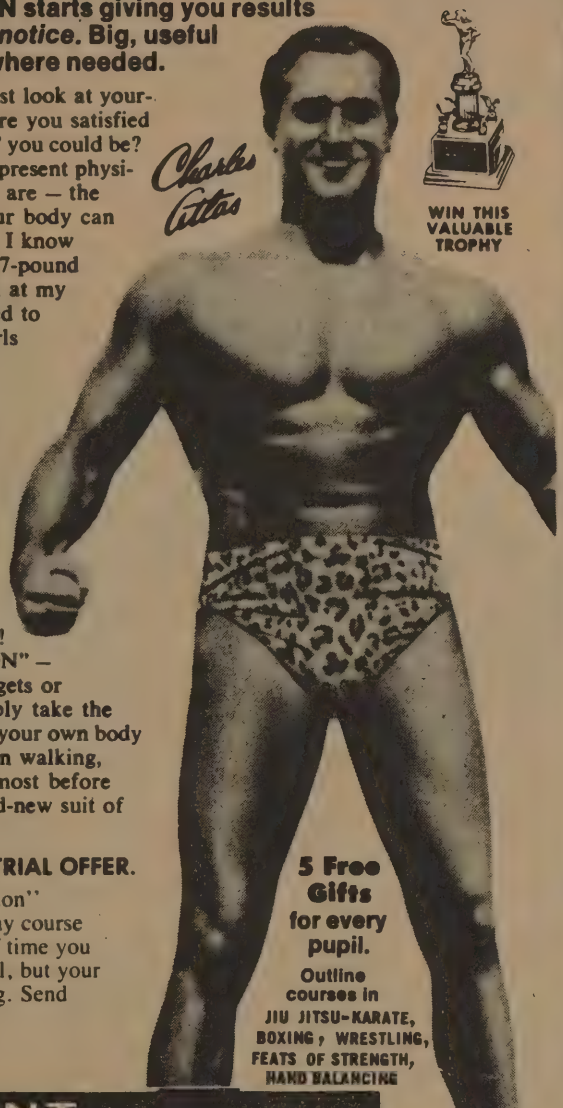

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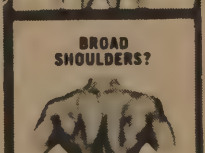

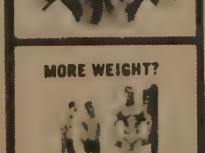

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THERE'S THAT BIG STIFF AGAIN, SHOWING OFF IN FRONT OF GRACE AND THE CROWD WELL IT'S MY TURN THIS TIME!
WHAM! - NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY!
OH, MAC! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!

THIN LIZZY
STEP BY STEP

All Systems Go For Heady Metal Band

by Toby Goldstein

"It's not supposed to be a Communist flag, even though it looks like one," admits Thin Lizzy's half-awake leader Phil Lynott, as he scrutinizes a **Renegade** poster. "It was supposed to be the same color as a Dunhill cigarette pack, 'cause that's what I was smoking at the time. I have since switched to Marlboro," he pronounces, looking not quite like the macho man of that brand's famous ad campaign.

It's not for the ads, however, that keep Lynott glued to the television in front of us. Jimmy Cagney is spurring the Republicans on to battle in a classic film about the Irish rebellion. This is one of life's little coincidences.

While Phil Lynott adamantly refuses to take sides on the "Irish problem," for the very real fear of placing his family in jeopardy, the black-Irish rocker cannot help but see himself in the middle, exposed on all sides. He resides in both London and Dublin. His years with Thin Lizzy have brought him material as well as creative rewards, yet he tries to keep up friendships with old pals to whom time has not been kind. In addition to Lynott's heartfelt sense of the romantic, claimed by some to be an inborn trait of the Irish, his awareness of people's complex behavior towards each other is one of the strongest reasons why Lizzy's songs can often be read as poetry, just as they can be absorbed, pounding at a concert hall.

Thin Lizzy, from left: Brian Downey, Snowy White, Phil Lynott, Scott Gorham.

"That's one of the facets of Thin Lizzy that has kept us one step away from your regular heavy metal band," says Lynott. "That's why I try to use the words 'hard rock.' Heavy metal is a riff made into a song, whereas, in Thin Lizzy, we have a song and add the riffs and a lot more thought goes into the lyrics.

"That also applies to ZZ Top," states Lynott, naming an outfit usually synonymous with riff-rock. "They have that sense of the bizarre as well; Billy Gibbons has it. I admire them a lot. They can do *Tush* and boogie down, but to come up with a line like, 'She was as pure as the pure driven slush,' shows a certain amount of intelligence that you won't find in a Styx or an REO — well, maybe if you sat through ten albums — but you can find this stuff on any ZZ Top LP. You've got to check out their lyrics," insists Lynott, getting right to the challenge of separating image from content.

"You could listen to Jim Carroll and completely dismiss him as a punk rock act and not check out the importance of his lyrics. I didn't know who he was, but I did like his lyrics and not his music, and that separates the men from the boys. It's a very fine line to set."

Thin Lizzy's richly-toned tales, like *Cowboy Songs*, *The Boys Are Back in Town*, and on **Renegade**, songs such as *Mexican Blood* and *Angel of Death* reflect Lynott's ability to tell a story or paint a landscape without losing his performing fervor. It is the band's very depth, coupled with its basic rock and roll nature, that has created an unfortunate credibility gap for them in this country. Thin Lizzy is sandwiched somewhere between the critics and the boppers. Lynott is aware that the group has not found the recognition in America it has achieved overseas, yet he feels a need to apologize to the band's U.S. fans for its lengthy absence.

"I feel bad that we've neglected our American supporters. Because we're so popular in Europe, it's been a case of, 'You can either tour Britain or Germany and make a profit, or go to America and maybe break even.' Consequently, the management decided we should make money.

"I hope we'll be able to change that, because I don't like the word 'failure' associated with Thin Lizzy, and when people say, 'you've failed to be successful in America,' there's that word and I have to try to put it right."

In America and Europe, Lynott has also been asked to reconcile his own taste for newer music with Lizzy's straight-ahead, arena-rock sensibility. While he's very amused that a track from his solo album, **Solo in Soho,** called *Yellow Pearl*, was a recent British Top 10 futurist-rock hit, Lynott still gets his biggest charge from playing with his band of 11 years.

"If I thought Thin Lizzy was so old-fashioned or so bad or so antiquated that we shouldn't be around anymore, I would be the first to leave the sinking ship. But in no way do I see Thin Lizzy as a sinking ship. We may have been heading that way for a while, but I think **Chinatown** put a stop to it. Now, **Renegade** is another step forward, and the best is yet to come from this band."□

WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST?

TRIUMPH
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When Triumph's Mike Levine and Rik Emmett were searching for a drummer to complete the band's lineup, one glance at Gil Moore in his **HIT PARADER T-SHIRT** and the guitarist knew that their worries were over.

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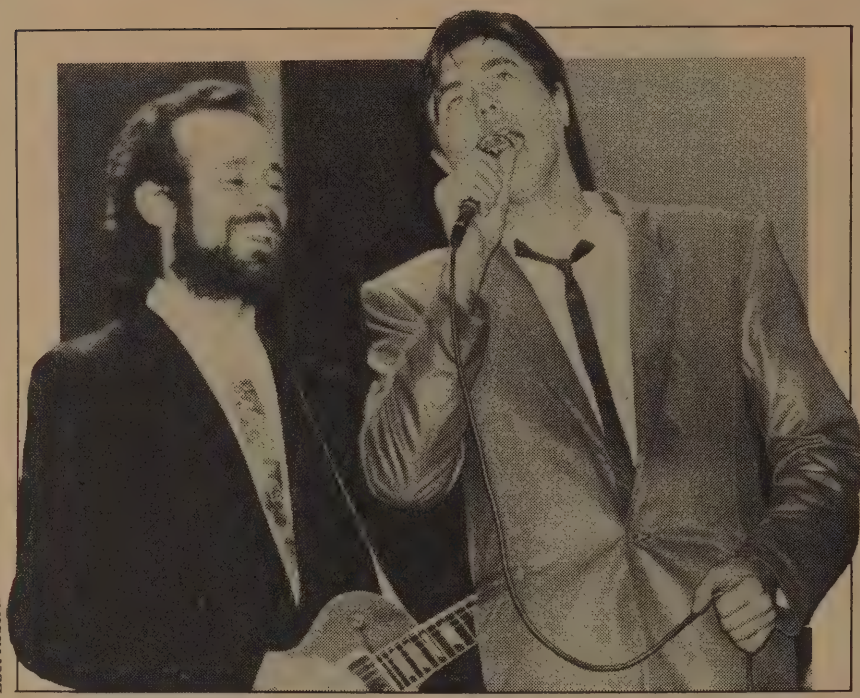
Avant-Garde Style Is The Mark Of Distinction

by Ellen Zoe Golden



Ebet Roberts

Roxy Music's Bryan Ferry (right) and Phil Manzanera: "There's no way we could go back to doing what we've done before, because it would be boring."

When Fine Arts student Bryan Ferry first mused his Roxy Music dream, he had no way of knowing that his soon-to-be progressive, electronic rock band would eventually launch a thousand keyboard-oriented dance bands. Nor could stalwart guitarist Phil Manzanera have guessed his commitment to creating non-guitar sounds from his instrument would solidify the concept of non-musicianship, introduced in the band's very early stages by short-term member and keyboard master Brian Eno.

When the techno-European aggregation finally found its niche behind the core of vocalist/keyboardist Ferry, guitarist Manzanera and saxist Andy MacKay, no amount of personnel changes could damage the groundwork Roxy Music laid for much of the syntho-funk heard in dance clubs today.

"The electronic bands happening right now in England admit to being influenced by Roxy Music," said Manzanera, in his New York hotel suite, at rest from mixing the latest Roxy Music album. "They don't actually sound like Roxy, but while they were growing up, there must have been very few who didn't come and see us and think, 'Hmmmm, Eno's a non-musician and he's playing keyboards, maybe we can do that.' "

Though Eno only lasted for two albums, he was not alone in his "non-musical" thinking. Manzanera, a graduate of another progressive rock band — Quiet Sun — was always involved with the myriad of sounds that could be derived from his instrument with the help of a little technology.

"I used to try and get weird sounds," he noted, "but sometimes in the studio, I'd do a lot of solos and then mix them all together. Then I'd spend hours slowing the tape down so I could work out how to play it live. It's been impossible."

When Manzanera first joined Roxy he was about five years younger than Eno and Ferry. Looking to the latter as an older brother helped counteract any feelings that Ferry was dominating the group. Ferry, who does most of the writing for the band, and is the charismatic and sensual front man, has earned a reputation of being very powerful within the structure of the group he conceived. Manzanera maintained it has all been for the best, since "Bryan comes up with all the strongest lyrical ideas, and he's developed a lot over the past 10 years in the musical area. If he comes up with a number that's good, I'll go along with it. Why fight it?

"I will contribute as much as I can because I have ideas and it'd be boring if I didn't," he continued. "There's no point in sitting there saying, 'yes, yes, yes.' "

At the same time, Manzanera claimed that "there's no contract that forces us to work together." Rumors flew in 1978, when the band ceased working as a unit, that ego conflicts had sent everyone packing. Manzanera said that's not true.

"We only work together because we want to work together, and if we don't we can all walk off," he said. "We did it before because it was a natural thing that just happened. We didn't even talk about it. That lasted for three years."

During that three-year hiatus, before Roxy Music regrouped to record **Manifesto**, each member worked on solo projects — pursuits with other people that made the unit's reunion a lot easier. With that cause-and-effect relationship in mind, the three men again worked on solo projects after the release of last year's **Flesh & Blood.** Ferry did some production for other bands; MacKay played on the new Paul McCartney album and Manzanera recorded a solo album, **Primitive Guitars**, a musical chronology of his career.

"My role within Roxy is limiting," he asserted. "The solo album is me, letting it rip."

According to Manzanera, the new Roxy Music album is closer in kin to pre-**Manifesto** work, but he warns that "there's no way we could go back to doing what we've done before, because it would be boring." He mentioned a fondness for early Motown production techniques and a fascination with another form of music popular right now in England — reggae.

It'd only be fair that Roxy Music would borrow this successful style that many English bands are using, since so many British musicians are riding waves of success based on Roxy's greatly imitated philosophies.□

Roots

RIOT IN BROOKLYN

Each month *Hit Parader* takes a rock act back to the old neighborhood. This month we join the heavy metal band Riot, in Brooklyn, U.S.A., where the war between disco and rock still rages.

by Charley Crespo

"Brooklyn is half disco and half rock," said Riot guitarist Rick Ventura as we drove down Flatbush's residential streets. "We're from the better half."

The war between the disco crowds and rock and rollers is still being fought in Brooklyn, according to Riot, America's hottest new heavy metal band, looking splendid with their blue jeans, leather jackets and long hair.

"You should see what it's like in Bay Ridge and Bensonhurst," Rick continued, referring to other Brooklyn neighborhoods. "Did you see **Saturday Night Fever?** Remember the 2001 Club?"

"Rock and roll people go into those neighborhoods," interrupted lead singer Guy Speranza, "and it's 'What are you doing around here? Why do you look like that? Get a haircut.' "

"They drive around in Cadillacs and fancy cars with Sal and Gina spelled out on their license plates," agreed Rick. "*Our* crowd hangs out on corners and laughs at *them*!"

Flatbush is a predominantly Italian and Jewish neighborhood smack in the middle of Brooklyn. The group formed there and, although the members have moved around and the lineup has changed, three of the five musicians, still live near their roots. Ironically, when Riot began initial rehearsals in guitarist Mark Reale's basement, five years ago, the band's intention was to hit the stages of Manhattan's rock circuit. After playing Zappa's, Brooklyn's only major rock club, and several block parties, Riot had virtually exhausted Brooklyn's venues.

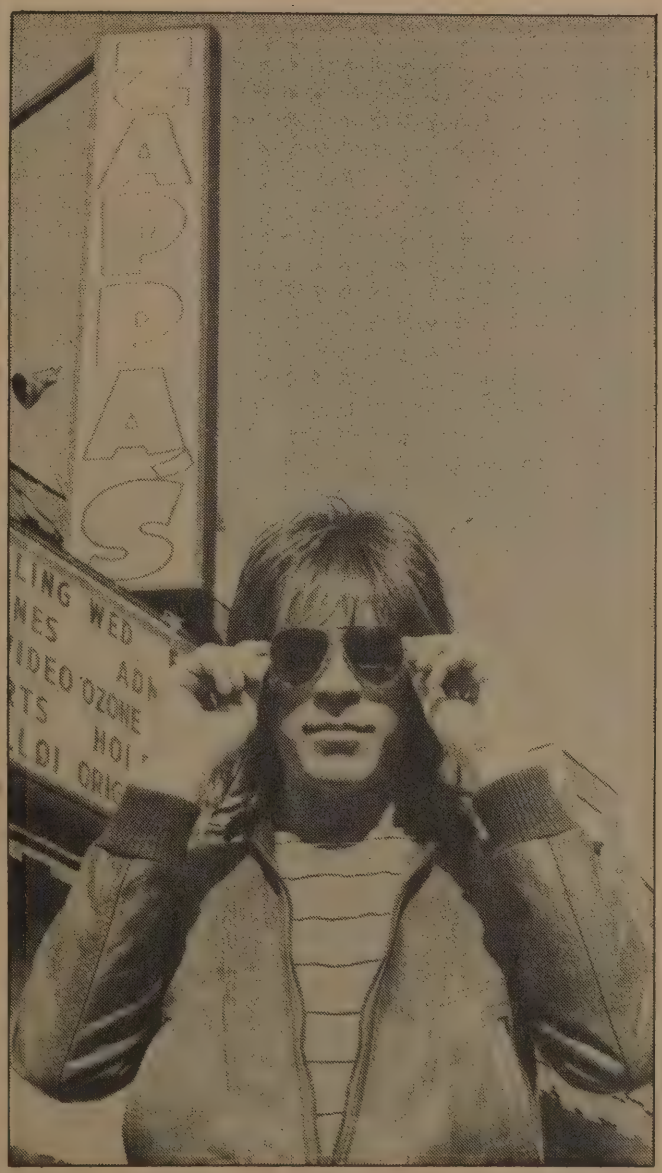
At the time, however, all the important clubs across the East River that featured new acts were catering to the punk and new wave crowds. While they often played at Max's Kansas City and Great Gildersleeves, Riot made little impact until backers discovered them opening a show at an East Village dive called Club 82. Shortly thereafter, these backers helped Riot record and independently release a debut LP, **Rock City**.

Rock City garnered the group a following in Europe and Japan, but except for pockets in Texas and the Northwest, Riot wasn't heard in the States. Capitol Records released a second LP, **Narita**, but later passed on **Fire Down Under**. The band responded by seeking release from their Capitol contract, and were supported by fans who signed petitions and demonstrated noisily outside the record company's L.A. offices.

Elektra Records, which ultimately released **Fire Down Under**, discovered Riot in Zappa's, after tearing up England on a tour with Sammy Hagar and successfully opening concerts for the likes of AC/DC (on the infamous **Highway To Hell** tour), Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers and Molly Hatchet (Riot reportedly headlined over Hatchet in San Antonio, even though Hatchet had a gold record and Riot didn't). Shortly thereafter, Riot was signed to Elektra and big plans were outlined for the budding band's future. No compromises were made, and the result is bone-crushing, unadulterated, hard-rocking Riot music, featuring Speranza, Ventura, Mark Reale, Sandy Slavin and Kip Leming.

"We had a pretty good idea what we wanted to do, what we wanted to sound like," Speranza said as we parked outside Zappa's. "We knew where we wanted to wind up."

"Other than jail," Rick joked.□



Riot's Rick Ventura in front of Zappa's, Brooklyn's only major rock club. After our tour was completed Rhett Forrester replaced Guy Speranza as lead singer of the band.

Song Index

42/Alley Cat Blues

54/(Opera Star) Born To Rock

52/Daddy's Home
50/Don't Let Him Know
19/Don't Let Me In
19/Don't You Want Me

20/Fantasy
18/Find Another Fool
17/Flamethrower

50/Genius Of Love
17/Goin' Down

47/Here To Love You

42/I Believe
48/I Love Rock 'N Roll
20/If I Had My Wish Tonight
54/If Looks Could Kill
18/I'll Fall In Love Again
52/It Was I
44/I've Never Been To Me

43/Juke Box Hero

48/Let's Get It Up
20/Lonely Nights

46/Make A Move On Me
16/My Girl

45/Nobody Said It Was Easy

46/Private Eyes

16/Remember
43/Right The First Time

46/Secret Journey
44/Shanghai Breezes
42/Since You're Gone
18/Somebody To Love
54/Spirits In The Material World
52/State Of The Heart
20/Summer Nights

47/When It's Over

MY GIRL

(As recorded by Donnie Iris and the Cruisers)

M. AVSEC
D. IRIS

Hey I'm a lucky guy
I got her by my side
Sunday afternoon
I'll take her for a ride
Downtown all around town
Where everyone can see
This pretty thing
She belongs to me.

She's my baby
She's driving me crazy
She's got something I want you to see
Come on and show me
Show me a woman with a heart on fire
Oh show me
Show me a woman with a burning desire
You gotta show me
Show me a woman of the world
Oh and I'll show you my girl.

I never knew how happy I could be
I'm digging her and the woman's digging me
Oh what a day
Got loving on my mind
Later on tonight
She'll let me know that I'm her baby.

She's driving me crazy
She's got something I want you to see
Come on and show me
Show me a woman with a heart on fire
Please show me
Show me a woman with a burning desire
You gotta show me
Show me a woman of the world
Oh and I'll show you my girl
I'll show you my girl.

(I'm so crazy)
Now some folks say I'm crazy about the lady
And I may be
Everybody is trying to clue me
She's a floozie and she'll use me
(You'd be crazy)
You'd be crazy about her kissing
If you knew of the loving you're missing
When I'm holding her tight
Yeah I'm crazy all right
And there's nothing I'd rather be.
(Repeat chorus)

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REMEMBER

(As recorded by Bob Welch)

BRYAN ADAMS
JIM VALLANCE

Pardon me have you got the time to let me say hello
Couldn't help but see
That you looked like a lady I used to know a long time ago.

Remember the time we spent together
Remember the days that went forever
Remember the nights we stayed together
Whatever I do I'll still remember.

It's hard to believe that I held her
And then she let me down
It's all the same to me
But she broke my heart and left me spinnin' round and round and round.

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FLAMETHROWER

(As recorded by The J. Geils Band)

SETH JUSTMAN

All day long she holds it back
Back with all her might
She carries a burning torch inside
She holds it firm and tight
She punches out the clock
While it keeps punching out her life.

She's a flamethrower
Red-hot glower
Flamethrower at night.

The things she wears to work
They hang off her kind-a loose
Her blouse don't fit
The pants ain't right
She ain't no front-page news
But when her work is done
And the daytime turns to night
The headlines flash neon
That the girl has taken flight
Chairman of the board
Won't look her in the eye
The fire of her vision
His money just can't buy
Silently she waits
Silently she contemplates
She can make them tremble
You know the reason why.

She's a flame, flamethrower
She's a flamethrower at night
She's a flame
A red-hot glower
She's a flamethrower at night.

You might think you're burnin'
All your candles at both ends
Maybe you should go to church
To make up some amends
But if you think you're fireproof
So cool and much too much
Don't dare go near my baby
'Cause she'll melt you with her touch
I forget the darkness
I forget the pain
When she's movin' through my heart
When she's pumpin' through my veins
She's the part inside me
I never can control
And she's the only reason
I know I got a soul.

She's a flame, flamethrower
She's a flamethrower at night
She's a flame
A red-hot glower
She's a flamethrower at night.
(Repeat)

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GOIN' DOWN

(As recorded by Greg Guidry)

GREGORY GUIDRY
DAVID MARTIN

I get the feeling that I'm in way over my head
I should be careful but I'm goin' deeper instead
'Cause when she looks at me
I wanna run by her side
Anyone could see
A fool could drown in her eyes.
And I'm goin' down for the last time
I'm goin' down for the last time
Goin' down
Out of my mind
I'm nearly out of my mind
Love is comin' over, over me.
It must be magic how she casts her spell over me
Her secret passion's got me charmed
I'll never get free
'Cause when she's holding me
She lights a fire in my soul
Any fool could see
There's only one place to go.

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I'LL FALL IN LOVE AGAIN

(As recorded by Sammy Hagar)

SAMMY HAGAR

You do what you wanna do
I'll leave it all up to you
In time I'll find love again
Hot love growing cold
Just when you thought you'd found a heart of gold
Looks like I've been fooled again.

But it's alright
With me now
I'll get back up somehow
And with a little luck
I'm bound to win
'Cause I'll fall in love
I'll fall in love again.

And you're always sittin' ringside
Just a rollin' with the changin' tide
The tide has washed you from my mind
And I guess you think you've got it made
Oh but then you never were afraid
Of anything that you've left behind.

Oh but it's alright
With me now
'Cause I'll get back up somehow
And with a little luck
Yeah I'm bound to win
'Cause I'll fall in love
Yes I'll fall in love again.

Yeah, yeah, yeah oh yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah oh yeah
I'll fall in love again uh huh
I'll fall in love again baby ahh, ahh
I said now I'll fall in love again
Yes I'll fall in love again.

Here's something to compare it to
Like the little things you used to do
Like giving more than you take
Funny how the reasons grow
Then the very next thing you know
The odds change
Dividing up the cake.

Hey but it's alright
With me now
I'll get back up somehow
And with a little luck
Yes I'm bound to win
'Cause I'll fall in love
Yes it's alright
With me now
I'll fall in love again
Don't worry 'bout me baby
I'll get along somehow
I'll fall in love again
Yes it's alright
Yes it's alright
I'll fall in love again
You do what you want to do
I'll fall in love.

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SOMEBODY TO LOVE

(As recorded by Dwight Twilley)

DWIGHT TWILLEY

Like a paper in the wind
Blowin' since I don't know when
Ever since the child was born
Holdin' on to something warm.

Somebody to love
Somebody that you can depend on
Some place in the sun
One feeling there's just no denying
Somebody to love
Somebody to love
Somebody to love.

Listen to the dogs and trains
Whisper thru the subway drains
Somewhere up the broken stairs
Waiting for the one who cares.

Somebody to love
Somebody that you can depend on
Some place in the sun
One feeling there's just no denying
Somebody to love
Somebody to love
Somebody to love.

Nothing's the same inside
When there's nobody there by your side.

Sit and smoke your cigarette
Think about what won't forget
Everyone that ever was
Tryin' to find a piece of love.

Somebody to love
Somebody that you can depend on
Some place in the sun
One feeling there's just no denying
Somebody to love
Somebody to love
Somebody to love.

(Somebody to love)
For the peace of mind
(Somebody to love)
The wave goodbye
To hold you tight
For the jealous mind
Worry when you're gone
You can hurt 'em if you want
But it just keeps goin' on and on and on and on.

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FIND ANOTHER FOOL

(As recorded by Quarterflash)

MARV ROSS

I should have learned this lesson long ago
That friends and lovers always come and go
And now you claim that ev'rything's okay
Well I've got just one thing to say.

Why don't you
Find another (find another)
Find another fool to love you
Find another (find another)
Find another fool to love you
Find another, find another
Find another fool to love you
To love you
Find another.

I don't believe that I deserve this ride
You took me for my very heart and pride
You let me down
And now your hand is out
Well here's some spare change you can count.

Why don't you
Find another (find another)
Find another fool to love you
Find another (find another)
Find another fool to love you
Find another, find another
Find another fool to love you
To love you
Find another.

You pulled this once
You pulled it twice
It's time you listened to my advice
Oh baby.

I'd never take advantage of our love
I can't imagine what you're thinking of
You're overdue
You think this storm is through
Well baby I've got news for you.

Why don't you
Find another (find another)
Find another fool to love you
Find another (find another)
Find another fool to love you
Find another (find another)
Find another fool to love you
Find another, find another
Find another fool to love you
To love you
Find another.

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DON'T YOU WANT ME

(As recorded by The Human League)

PHIL OAKEY
ADRIAN WRIGHT
JO CALLIS

You were working as a waitress in a cocktail bar
When I met you
I picked you out
I shook you up and turned you around
Turned you into someone new.

Now five years later on
You've got the world at your feet
Success has been so easy for you
But don't forget it's me
Who put you where you are now
And I can put you back down too.

Don't, don't you want me
You know I can't believe it
When I hear that you won't see me
Don't, don't you want me
You know I don't believe you when you say that you don't need me
It's much too late to find
When you think you've changed your mind
You'd better change it back or we will both be sorry

Don't you want me baby
Don't you want me oh oh
Don't you want me baby
Don't you want me oh oh.

I was working as a waitress in a cocktail bar
That much is true
But even then I knew I'd find a much better place
Either with or without you.

The five years we have had have been such good times
I still love you
But now I think it's time I live my life on my own
I guess it's just what I must do.
(Repeat chorus)

Don't you want me baby
Don't you want me oh oh
Don't you want me baby
Don't you want me oh oh.
(Repeat)

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DON'T LET ME IN

(As recorded by Sneaker)

DONALD FAGEN
WALTER BECKER

I hear you found a brand new friend
Well if I try to take you back again
If I decide to make amends
Don't let me in
You know I've got to be inside
But don't you listen when you hear me cry
Not even just to say goodbye
Don't let me in.
I said no, no, no, no
Don't let me in
I said no, oh, oh, oh
Don't let me in.
I never want to do you harm
Don't pay no head to all my false alarms
If I should come with pleading arms
Don't let me in
You hear a knockin' on your door
A poundin' of a heart you can't ignore
But soon it isn't there no more
Don't let me in.
(Repeat chorus)

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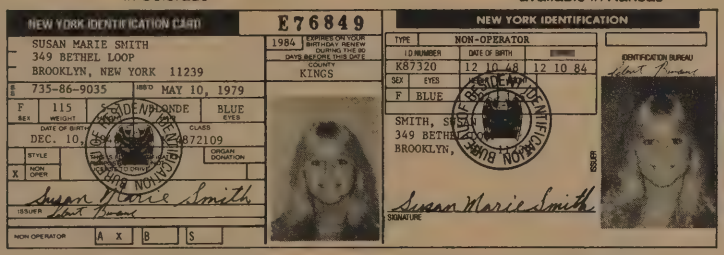

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SUMMER NIGHTS

(As recorded by Survivor)

JIM PETERICK
FRANK SULLIVAN

Girl it always seems about September
That's the time again I remember the lights
And all the fun of those summer nights
Young and innocent and livin' fast
Didn't know enough to know that a summer love can't last
Can't last.

Then the snow it fell without a warning
Left me standin' out in the cold my heart shattered
A thinkin' only of yesterday
It does me no good to reminisce
'N' I can really only tell you this
If I had my way I'd take yesterday.

Do you remember those summer nights
All night dancin' in the light of love
(Dancin' in the light of love)
Summer nights
So right
Couldn't last beyond September
Summer nights
All night
Dreaming of your love
(Dreamin' only of)
You and summer nights.

I remember playin' by the shoreline before the fall
When we had it all at our fingertips
Building castles in the drifting sand
We raced the waves as they ran to the shore
But the tide will turn forevermore
And the things we planned were castles made of sand.
Oo ooh summer nights
Makin' love beneath the northern lights
Oo ooh summer nights
Now I'm back on my own again
Oo ooh summer nights
Feel the di'monds in the rough in the moonlight
Oo ooh summer nights
Now I'm out in the cold again
Out in the cold again
'N' I remember those summer nights
All night dancin' in the light of love
(Dancin' in the light of love)
Summer nights
So right
Couldn't last beyond September.

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IF I HAD MY WISH TONIGHT

(As recorded by David Lasley)

RANDY GOODRUM
DAVE LOGGINS

Don't look at me
'Cause I'm crying over you
Please don't look at me
My tears are fallin' like water over a waterfall.
Please don't talk to me
There's just nothin' left to say
Please don't talk to me
My voice is shakin' and I'm not makin' much sense at all oh
I may never get over you but I'll try
Even if it takes my whole life through
'Cause that's how long I'll cry.

I wish I may I wish I might
Have this wish I wish tonight
So bad
Instead of being so sad and lonely
You would want me
If I had my wish tonight
If I had my wish tonight.
Don't touch me again
'Cause I'm dying over you
Please don't touch me again
I know your feelings are just not as real
As I hoped they'd be
Please don't look at me.

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FANTASY

(As recorded by Aldo Nova)

ALDO NOVA

City nights
Summer breeze makes you feel alright
Neon lights
Shining brightly make your brain ignite
See the girls with the dresses so tight
Give you love if the price is right
Black or white
In the streets there's no wrong and no right.
So forget all that you see
It's not reality
It's just a fantasy
Can't you see
What this crazy life is doing to me
Life is just a fantasy
Can you live this fantasy life.
Outasite
Buy your kicks from the man in the white
Feels alright
Powder pleasure in your nose tonight
See the men paint their faces and cry
Like some girl it makes you wonder why
City life
Sure is cool
But it cuts like a knife
It's your life.

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LONELY NIGHTS

(As recorded by Bryan Adams)

JIM VALLANCE
BRYAN ADAMS

Will you risk your reputation
I don't know
You just don't know what you're sayin' anymore.

They say beggars can't be choosers
That ain't fair
We may win we may be losers
I don't care, no, no, no.

Oh baby I just can't stand another lonely night
So come on over and save me
Save me from another lonely night.

I hear every word you're sayin'
They're all nice
But with every breathe you're takin'
You're thinking of ways to say goodnight.

Oh now baby just can't stand another lonely night
So come on over and save me
Save me from another lonely night yeah.

Baby just can't stand another lonely night
So come over and save me oh.

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Record Reviews

by Roy Trakin

Sammy Hagar
Standing Hampton
UFO
Mechanix

Could one of these acts be this year's Billy Squier or REO Speedwagon? Both Sammy Hagar and UFO have been plying their trade on the arena-rock circuit for more years than either care to remember, and never has stardom seemed so close, yet so far away.

The two groups have done everything to succeed, and even make records tailored for that all-important AOR airplay. Although Hagar and UFO may not have an original idea between them, they've got those album rock basics down — broadly theatrical gestures, heavy metal harmonies, solidly simple songs with anthemic choruses, and hummable melodies shot through with a controlled dash of fuzz-toned hystrionics. There's no Motorhead or Black Flag vulgarity here, nor the full-throttled raunch of AC/DC.

Nevertheless, you can't take

anything away from either of them. Sammy Hagar paid his dues as lead singer of Montrose and released five rather obscure solo LPs before penning the title song to the movie **Heavy Metal** and getting inked to David Geffen's stable of stars. Englishmen UFO have slogged around the world playing their second generation Led Zeppisms, rock that takes its cue from *Stairway To Heaven* —artfully balancing traditional pop musical values with metallic overkill.

Hagar's **Standing Hampton** keeps its crunching lead guitar in place as producer Keith Olsen (Fleetwood Mac, Benatar, Foreigner) compresses the sound into FM radio acceptability. Sammy's songwriting stands out on perfectly catchy numbers like the erotic *Baby's On Fire*, the latter-day Who-like *Can't Get Loose* and the uncharacteristically philosophical *Inside Lookin' In*.

UFO are one of those faceless British bands who have long since abandoned their homeland to become international rock ambassadors. This makes their earnest interpretation of Eddie Cochran's *Somethin' Else* almost as hilarious as the version by Sid Vicious; they completely miss the point in tasteful waves of rock bombast.

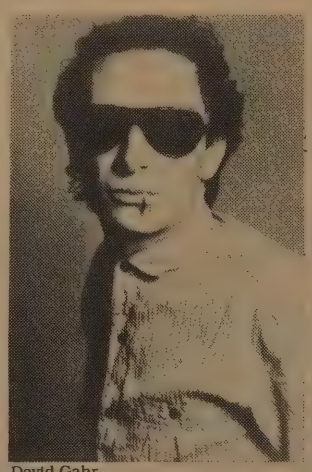
Both UFO and Sammy Hagar still believe that rock should be played but one way — the late '60s/early '70s Anglo variation on American electric blues fomented by Cream, Led Zeppelin and the Who. But that style has since been so refined and polished it has little connection with the original spirit of rock and roll. Nothing's changed in the world of Sammy Hagar or UFO since 1975; in fact, both still think long hair means something cool. If you do, too, you'll probably like these records.

Graham Parker
Another Grey Area

It sometimes seems that this spunky, former petrol-pumper from England must assume the underdog role to do his best work. Observers have predicted stardom for Graham Parker for over five years now, though he's been consistently overshadowed in the post-Springsteen stakes by such sound-alike countrymen as Elvis Costello and fellow Dylanoid Mark Knopfler.

Perhaps it was too much to expect anyone to top such a compact gem as **Squeezing Out Sparks.** The follow-up, 1980's **The Up Escalator,** with songs like *Stupefaction* and *Paralyzed* saw Graham Parker's rage turn inward, derailing his momentum.

Another Grey Area clears the decks, his first LP without the Rumour. Producer Jack Douglas **(Double Fantasy)** has relegated such ace sidemen as guitarist Hugh McCracken and pianist Nicky Hopkins to the background, allowing Parker's plaintive wail to come across in all its one-man-against-the-world fury. Thus the lyrics are stage-center, and once again they reflect the singer's fierce determination to succeed on his own terms.



David Gahr

In songs like *No More Excuses, Can't Waste A Minute* and *Crying For Attention,* Graham returns to his most characteristic source of energy — the failure to emerge as the star so many predict he will be. But elsewhere on **Another Grey Area,** Parker admits there's a downside to his ambition for mass appeal — as on *Dark Side of the Bright Lights* and *Thankless Task.* The album shies away from the vein-bulging intensity he's exhibited in the past for a resignation gained through experience.

Graham Parker hasn't lowered his own expectations, only ours, and that may yet work to his advantage.

B-52's
Mesopotamia

Rumor has it that this six-song EP was once a full-length album which was rejected by the powers at Warners in favor of a compromise mini-album at a reduced price. However you figure it, the moral of this story is: don't let friends produce your albums. The B's and head Talking Head David Byrne get along famously, but that's not necessarily the signal to rush into a creative collaboration.

Terry Allen

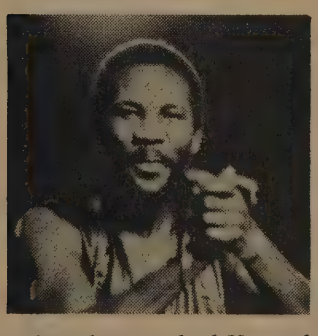
Not that this musical pairing is totally without merit. After all, the B-52's do count such avant-gardists as Nino Rota and Yma Sumac among their primary influences, and certainly *Loveland,* the first cut on **Mesopotamia,** is a distillation of why most people find these Athens, Ga. (*not* Greece) hicks so lovable. Ricky Wilson's classically twangin' guitar, Keith Strickland's precisely clipped beat, Kate Pierson's cheesy,

staccato keyboards, Fred Schneider's goofy asides and Cindy Wilson's eerily evocative oohs and aahs all sound great on the dance floor. But *Deep Sleep*, which follows, is the kind of aimless synthetic noodling that even Blondie can't get away with. The title track, a "turn-your-watch-back" evocation, tries to state a grand theme, but ends up on the cartoon level of Steve Martin's *King Tut*.

The B-52's tackle familiar turf on side two, with sweets *(Cake)*, beats *(Throw That Beat In The Garbage Can)* and retreats *(Nip It In The Bud)*, but the musical style hovers between clickety-click DEVO and artsy-fartsy Talking Heads, with only the outer shell of their own distinctive flair remaining. **Mesopotamia** shows David Byrne leading the B-52's on an African safari, but leaving the gullible Georgians stranded in the jungle.

Toots and the Maytals
Knock Out!
Van Morrison
Beautiful Vision

These two mystical seers have never strayed far from their spiritual homes in Ireland and Jamaica, but their music has always been solidly rooted in transcendent American rhythm and blues. If Van Morrison is able to turn a traditional Eire lullabye like *Tura Lura Lural* into a highly-literal plea for redemption, then Toots Hibbert can transform the dread of *Pressure Drop* into a beatific yearning to rise above the everyday.



Over the years, both Van and Toots have grown increasingly explicit about their spirituality, Morrison espousing born-again Christianity, and Hibbert the joys of Jah Rastafari. Gone is the inarticulate ecstasy of Van's *And It Stoned Me* or Toots' *Sweet and Dandy*, along with the out-of-the-body mystery; in its place is the limiting orthodoxy of **Common One's** *Summertime in England* or **Just Like That's** *Israel Children*.

On their latest albums — Van's **Beautiful Vision** and Toots' **Knock Out!** — preaching takes a decided back seat to succumbing. Both LPs continue to ground the quest for redemption in historical specifics; the "promised land" is just that for Morrison and Hibbert. **Beautiful Vision's** most effective tunes evoke the mythical Ireland on *Celtic Ray. Northern Muse (Solid Ground)* and *Aryan Mist* while **Knock Out!** sings the praises of Toots' Zion in both Africa *(Careless Ethiopians)* and Jamaica *(Never Get Weary)*.

Just as Morrison reaches into his Celtic past to actually assume the body of his own ancestors, so does Toots transport himself back in time: "I know I was before Christopher Columbus/ And I was from before the Arawak Indians/Trod in creation/ Before this nation."*

But it is with music that both Van Morrison and Toots and the Maytals most effectively communicate their metaphysical ideas. It's no coincidence that Morrison is at his best on a throwaway blues skiffle like *Cleaning Windows*, where he playfully admits to his own love for American R&B, discovering in it the

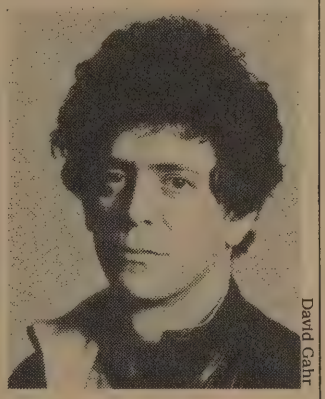
joy of salvation. Likewise, when Toots joins Ray Charles' gospel and Otis Redding's soulful scat-singing on *Missing You*, or experiments with the chic synthesized funk of *Will You Be Kind*, he goes beyond reggae's generic limitations to touch a universal chord without even reaching.

Beautiful Vision and **Knock Out!** equate the physical beauty of women with the magnificence of true faith, mirroring their attempts to reconcile the pleasure music gives with the religious feelings it also evokes. Ironically, when Van Morrison and Toots and the Maytals are doing what they do best, that spiritual transcendence is effortlessly implied in their music. The trouble comes when they grow too self-conscious with their message, and on their latest efforts, both Van and Toots succeed in tapping that rare essence when they don't really try.

* Lyrics: Copyright ©1981 by Rydim Music, Ltd.

Lou Reed
The Blue Mask

Or, the taming of the Lou, as the legendary founder of the Velvet Underground embraces suburban living and hetero domesticity with open arms and an open heart. You didn't expect the guy to spend the rest of his life singing about junkies and transsexuals? No, Lou Reed, recently married, has grown up "in public," as he hastened to inform us on his last LP. Now, on **The Blue**



David Gahr

Mask, his first album back at RCA where his solo career began, Lou's music seems to have undergone maturation as well. Though he's still capable of poker-faced, unintentional irony, this time out Reed sings as if he means it, maan.

Like the best of the Velvets, **The Blue Mask** deals with the dialectical tug at the root of Lou Reed's paradoxical personality — it contrasts his quest for inner peace with his love of danger. The first track, *My House*, starts off as a simple ode to a split-level home, but as Reed evokes the spirit of his mentor, the late poet Delmore Schwartz, it becomes a chilling tale of compromise, survival and sorrow. Songs like *Women*, *The Heroine* and *The Day John Kennedy Died* may sound ridiculously corny, but Lou's hyper-romanticism is real — this is not cynicism, but committed idealism, the kind that informed such classic Reed material as *Perfect Day*, *Jesus*, *Pale Blue Eyes* and *Beginning To See The Light*.

Lou Reed understands the Velvets' legacy better than anyone, and **The Blue Mask** taps the essence of that band's spiritual, post-John Cale third album more effectively than any other Reed solo LP to date.

Nick Lowe
Nick the Knife

The only problem with "nicking" your best riffs off other people is that after a while, like the boy who cried wolf, people begin to doubt your sincerity even if you do have something to say. In Nick Lowe's best songs — *Cruel To Be Kind*, *(I Love The Sound Of) Breaking Glass*, *(What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love and Understanding* — the ex-Brinsley Schwarz member simultaneously steals from *and* comments on his sources, creating a wonderful carnival funhouse mirror effect that is pure pop.

Nick the Knife, Lowe's first album since Rockpile's breakup and his marriage to singer Carlene Carter (who appears throughout the LP), finds him dropping his cynical front on such unabashed love songs as *Queen of Sheba*, *Couldn't Love You (Any More Than I Do)* and *Too Many Teardrops*. But, lest you think all is hearts and flowers, the man who produces Elvis Costello can still fling a stinging barb, blasting ex-mate Dave Edmunds in the vituperative *Stick It Where The Sun Don't Shine* and *Burning*.

Trouble is, on **Nick the Knife** the eclectic Lowe tries proving he can play roots rockabilly just as well as Edmunds without his ex-partner's granite presence — a mistake. Nick's patented sound (a clattery, trebly, fake-'50s Bo Diddley production) is fine for someone like Costello, who fills the spaces with his punning verbosity. But Lowe's own version of the Rockpile standard *Heart* points up the main difficulty — in place of the original straight-from-the-gut tribute to American rock and roll is Lowe's coy reading, all artificial mannerisms and no, well, heart.

After playing the wise guy for so long, Nick Lowe now wants us to take him seriously. Is it any wonder we have a hard time believing him?□

Celebrity Rate-a-Record

with JOE "KING" CARRASCO

Joe "King" Carrasco says he doesn't listen to much music, but lately he's been playing his "collection of weird stuff." According to the Tex-Mex rocker, weird stuff means Indian rock and roll from Pakistan ("It's real trashy") and Brazilian music.

We sat him down with a pile of recent releases. Carrasco had never heard of most of the records before, but, of those selected, he was either intrigued by the name of the artist, the name of the song or the picture sleeve. *Synapse Gap (Mundo Total)* is Carrasco's latest album.

Wor Shu Opp, **No Laughing**
I don't think anybody can relate to it on the west side of San Antonio, but that's cool. Everything's cool with me.

Tainted Love, **Soft Cell**
Oh yeah, I know this song, it's a good single. Reminds me of an '80s version of early Yardbirds. I like the effects.

I Know What Boys Like, **The Waitresses**
Good single, but the production is funny. I like her voice. Glad to see the Ohio sound is coming back.

Tattoo, **Novo Combo**
I hope I don't turn out like this. I'd slash my wrists if I did.

Just One Dance, **The Throbs**
Reminds me of Dallas, Texas, on a February night.

Brand New Lover, **Lou Ann Barton**
She's a personal friend of mine. Alright, cool. The next Janis Joplin. I mean, she's a lowdown girl, too. This girl is crazy — she's got a lot of skeletons in her closet I'm glad she did this, because she's more soulful than any other southern girl. Have you ever seen or heard of her? She's wild, scares me. I'm one of those guys that didn't get none. I hope she makes it.

The Thang Was Rough, **Mood Food**
Anything from Athens I like. At least Athens has something regional happening.

Theme From Magnum, P.I., **Mike Post**
I'd rather listen to the Munsters Theme. That's a good one, ain't it?

Don't You Want Me, **The Human League**
This is #1 in England. Did you know that? I'm trying to figure out who this sounds like. Good dance band. Yeah, I like this song. I like songs with boys and girls singing. I hope they're nice because the song is good. It'd be a shame if they turned out to be assholes. Make that arsholes.

Pac-Man Fever, **Buckner & Garcia**
Do you play Pac Man? I like Pac Man and Doney Kong. Alright! I like the song's effects. The chorus is good, but the melody is a bit strange. The only verse I can relate to is the one about Blinky. I wouldn't turn it off if it came on the radio. It's pretty cool, but the Space Invaders song that goes "he's hooked, he's hooked, his brain is cooked" is cooler.□

Joe "King" Carrasco: "I'm one of those guys that didn't get none."

Bob Sorce

ROCK STARS MAKE LOUSY LOVERS

The Nasty Habits of Mick, Rod, Jim and Elvis

by Joan Tarshis

"Can I get you a taxi home,
It sure was grand;
When I come back here next year,
I want to see you again."*
—Lynyrd Skynyrd

LFI/Retna Ltd.

Blondes have more fun: Said Rod to Britt, "You do as you're damn well told."

The following is a guest editorial by Dr. John I. Staars, founder of Happy Tunes, a privately-funded, non-taxable, charity organization that rehabilitates and gives legal aid to the many women who have been discarded by the men of rock and roll like broken guitar strings.

★ ★ ★

Rock stars are today's travelling salesmen, and you don't have to be the farmer's daughter to know the name of that tune. It's quite simple really — rock stars should not be regarded as lovers any more than a travelling salesman is regarded as a potential steady mate. Of course we're all attracted to a celebrity now and again, but sooner or later the crush and/or lust grows tired and blows away from lack of use. But if you still think a rock-and-roll lover sounds good, read this, and if it doesn't change your mind — don't say I didn't warn you.

There are a few things you must know when contemplating an affair with a rock star: How to meet one, how to get one, *can* you get one, how long you can keep one, and ... graceful goodbye techniques. But most important: How accessible is the rock star that you want to meet? You may be their dream girl, but that doesn't really matter if you don't sleep with them.

"Come along and be my party doll,
And I'll make love to you..."**
— Buddy Knox

One of the easiest ways to meet a rock star is at a party. A little research might be required to find the party or just get one of the roadies to tell you where it is. It's important to remember before you get to the party that the amount you'll have to compete for a rock star's affection is directly proportionate to their popularity.

Though Elvis Presley's parties took place at home as well as on the road, here's an example of a super nova from Albert Grossman's book, **Elvis:**

"The parties, which swiftly became the focal point of Elvis' life, would commence every night after supper, at about 10. The basic idea was to fill the house with attractive women who had been especially selected to conform to Elvis' exacting criteria."

If admitted to the house, the girl was politely guided to the party room and there, "facing the television, the King would be enthroned with his feet up on a cocktail table ... no matter who arrived, even if she were the most famous or beautiful star in Hollywood, Elvis would not rise to greet her: 'Get her coat ... find out what she wants to drink.' "

Young stars like Tuesday Weld and Connie Stevens were asked to join the women seated around the King's couch. Of course, not every woman could be included in that circle because the male/female ratio at a typical function was usually eight guys to 50 beautiful women.

If the party was still going on at 2, it entered its final stage, called the "slipaway" — Elvis would slip into his bedroom with a *few* of the girls. Doesn't that sound like a great way to meet someone? Not very personal, perhaps, but...

"I'm hot blooded,
Check it and see,
Got a fever of 103°
Come on baby,
Do you do more than dance?"***
—Foreigner

Once *you've* made it inside, it's time to be realistic. Take a look around at the other women: should you go after the star or a roadie? For those who would like to know where they stand beforehand, this Physical Aptitude Test is an accurate barometer of rock stars' preferences.

* *Lyrics: Copyright ©1977 by Duchess Music Corporation and Get Loose Music Inc.*

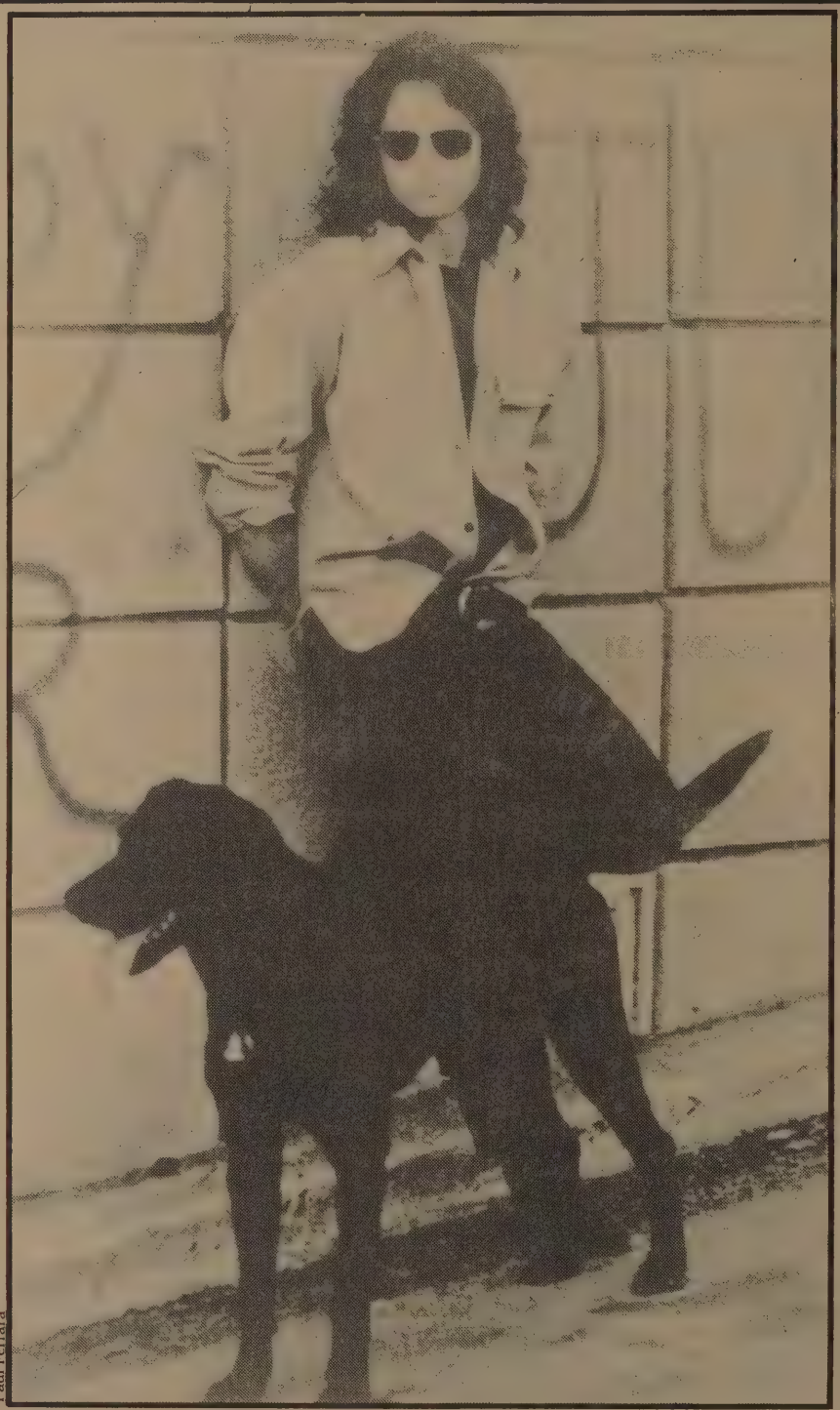
** *Lyrics: Copyright ©1956 by Roulette Music.*

*** *Lyrics: Copyright ©1978 by Somerset Songs Publishing Inc., Evansongs Ltd. & WB Music Corp.*

PHYSICAL APTITUDE TEST

1) HEIGHT		3) WEIGHT	
a) 5'11" — 5'8"	10 points	a) Bone thin	10 points
b) 5'7" — 5'5"	8 points	b) All others	0 points
c) 5'4" — 5'1"	2 points	4) LAST GRADE COMPLETED	
d) All others	0 points	a) College	0 points
2) HAIR		b) High School	5 points
a) Blonde	10 points	c) Grade School	10 points
b) Platinum Blonde	10 points	d) Graduate school	What are you doing?
c) Strawberry Blonde	10 points	5) FINANCIAL STATEMENT	
d) All others	0 points	a) Rich daddy	100 points
		b) All others	0 points

SCORE: 40 and higher, chances are you can get anyone you want—good luck; 30-39, better try the opening act; 20-29, give it a shot, there's no accounting for taste; 8-19, try a roadie or another fan, 0-7 check out Jose Feliciano, a good plastic surgeon, or a rock journalist.



Paul Ferrara

When the music's over: Said Jim to Pamela, "It's all in the family."

So you've made the grade and now you have something that everybody wants. Great, right? See what you think about this cute anecdote about Jim Morrison, from **No One Here Gets Out Alive.**

Morrison's long-time girlfriend Pamela (who most people thought he had married by this time) lived upstairs from his former publicist, Diane. One afternoon, Patricia, a houseguest of Diane's and one of Morrison's ex-girlfriends, confessed to Pamela that she had been pregnant with his child, but had an abortion. At that moment, Morrison came walking up the path and spied the two women in conversation. Pamela was terrified.

That night, Pamela waited for the axe to fall. Morrison refused to join her in bed, so she got drunk and went to sleep alone. In the morning she "... came downstairs and knocked on Diane's door. Diane came out of the bedroom, opened the door a crack, and told Pamela, 'I'm not going to deny that he's here.' "

Pamela barged in and found Jim and Patricia naked under a blanket.

"I have only one thing to say to you and I'm gonna say it in front of all these people. Jim, damn it, you've ruined my Christmas. You spoil it for me every year. This is the fourth year you've done it."

Later, Morrison put his arm around her and said, "It's all in the family..."

"Heard it from a friend,
Who heard it from a friend,
Who heard it from another,
You've been messin' around..."*
— REO Speedwagon

Since everyone in Rockdom's Royal Family share a common spotlight, it is easy to see why rock stars are attracted to women who are happy sitting in the wings, content to bask in someone else's glory.

When Priscilla moved into Graceland she was Presley's satellite, satisfied to be identified by

* Lyrics: Copyright ©1979 by Slam Dunk Music.

Martin Benjamin

Get off my cloud: "It was over. Marianne was left a hollow, shattered, confused young woman."

Photo Trends

Elvis & Priscilla, love me tender: "Get her coat ... find out what she wants to drink."

others through him. Thus, she obliged when Presley trained her to apply heavy theatrical makeup, and told her to tease her hair, which was now died black to match her master's.

The flipside of this situation, however, can be just as trying. A successful blend of career, ego and bedroom is a feat to be admired and respected. Britt Ekland reveals the delicate art of the rock star mating ritual: Ekland's boyfriend, Rod Stewart, was upset by her candid answer to a reporter's questions about their private life. he told her not to be so eager in the future. What follows is an incident from Ekland's book, **True Britt**.

"How can you say that when you're throwing a press conference?" I retorted. "Once you've invited them, they are entitled to ask any question they like. If you don't want people to ask about our life together then you should never have agreed to the tour. Remember, the only reason I came was because of you.

"Rod grabbed me by the shoulders and started screaming, 'You do as you're damn well told,' adding a profusion of expletives.

"Wack! My face stung as his hand flew."

Stewart and Ekland started beating each other up, until he ripped her lace dress off her body. They cried, then had sex. Personally, I wouldn't have sex with anyone until they made good for the clothes. I suggest if you plan to try this tactic, substitute a towel.

"Baby ... baby ... baby..."
— Barry White

Marianne Faithfull is a lucky survivor of several rock and roll relationships that began when she switched from Keith Richards to Mick Jagger. "I knew if you wanted to get anywhere, you had to sleep with the singer," said Marianne.

Her affair with Jagger lasted many years, but during that time she had another on-again, off-again relationship—this one with heroin.

In **Up And Down With The Stones**, Tony Sanchez dramatically describes one of Marianne's attempts to cold turkey both junk and Jagger. They were both twisted affairs.

"...But Marianne was beginning to hallucinate now. Her cold turkey was worse than she had ever known it...She felt death was in the room....

"She had been confused about her identity for months. She had gradually become nothing more than an adjunct of Mick Jagger. He had taken over her personality so that she no longer seemed to exist as a separate person."

When Faithfull finally found the strength without drugs to have a relationship with someone else, Jagger won her back. It was obvious he was being ruled by his ego and not his heart. Marianne must have felt this because she was soon back on dope, crying all the time while Mick spent more and more time with Marcia Hunt.

Sanchez writes: "They never talked about their problems. Jagger seemed to be trying to delude himself into believing that she wasn't back on dope at all, instead of reaching out with a helping hand. They occasionally had furious arguments."

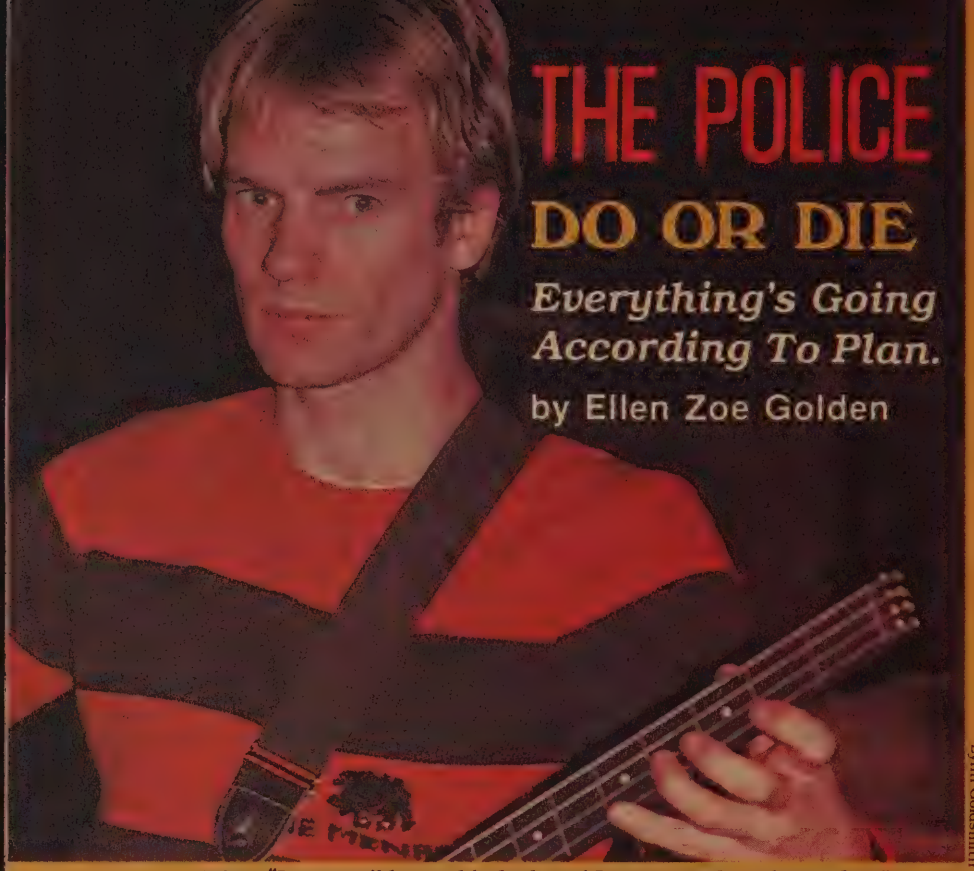
It was at this same time that Jagger was fighting with his manager and his record label. Sanchez postulates that Mick was growing increasingly irritated by Faithfull's constant phone calls. "She was so fucking hysterical; couldn't she understand he needed help, not an albatross around his neck?"

They finally split up in 1970. Jagger moved to France and Faithfull moved back with her mother. "It was over. Marianne was left a hollow, shattered, confused young woman." She took her other lover with her; heroin is always faithful.

"Where did it go to, my youth
Where did it slip away to,
Who was it told the truth —
the bitter truth,
The truth we didn't want to know..."*
— Marianne Faithfull

So, if after all of my warnings you are still interested in having a rock star lover, then by all means go for it. But remember; only tall, thin, blonde masochists with little or no self-esteem will get the cream of the crop. The rest of you may have to settle for hamburger.□

*Lyrics: Copyright © 1980 by Warner Bros. Music Ltd.



THE POLICE

DO OR DIE

Everything's Going According To Plan.

by Ellen Zoe Golden

Lynn Goldsmith

Sting: "I am terribly good in bed, and I want people to know that."

"I'm not a sex symbol," says Sting, the Police's peroxided singer/bassist, as he scoops a handful of ice out of the cooler. "That's a pretty tacky thing and a lot of bullshit," he rants, "*but*, I am terribly good in bed and I want people to know that."

With a sinister smile, Sting has just acknowledged what hundreds of girls and women around the world have been dying to know. Yet, his cat-that-ate-the-canary confession is more the result of a silliness that has overcome both Sting and drummer Stewart Copeland as the Police wait backstage before their set at Philadelphia's Spectrum.

Biding time, Sting is playing gangster, replete with futuristic Steinberger bass guitar gun, as Copeland roller-skates around the bowels of the arena. Guitarist Andy Summers, a self-proclaimed "English Gentleman," ignores the antics of his compatriots, opting instead to scour a notebook in the dressing room corner.

As Sting hits himself twice in the face with his bass—once by accident, once to cover up his embarrassment, the prevailing circus atmosphere contradicts the notion that the Police are an overly-serious band.

"We have this grim atmosphere about us," Copeland says. "It's because of the heaviness of the last album (**Ghost In The Machine**). Everyone thinks we are all in a morbid depression over the state of the world. I'm concerned over the state of the world. I think it's fine that Sting is expressing his concern through his songwriting, and I'm happy that this subject is the lyrical content of the songs that I'm playing. But my sense of humor is still intact, as is the sense of humor of the people living in utter depravity over in India."

The Police had the opportunity to visit places like India in a worldwide tour that followed the release of last year's **Zenyatta Mondatta**. The global excursion was a far cry from the early days when the band first toured the United States in a rented van. Things have changed since the fledgling trio self-financed that U.S. trip on the heels of *Fall Out* (an independent import single released by Miles Copeland, Stewart's brother), and *Roxanne* (a cut from a domestically unreleased A&M album). That discount tour introduced enough Americans to a unique brand of reggae-threaded pop for A&M to release **Outlandos d'Amour** Stateside in mid-tour. With sales reaching well over half a million units, the debut LP paved the way for expanded Police success, including platinum awards for both **Regatta de Blanc** and **Zenyatta Mondatta**. With success, however, came the critics.

"The more successful you get, the higher your asshole quotient," Summers asserts. "Most people lack understanding; they look at surface things and don't really think about what's going on behind our success. It's not because we're no good and don't have feelings, it's because we *do* have drive and we *want* to succeed that's led to our success."

The "asshole quotient" that Summers refers to is not something that is applied within the framework of the Police. There are no irreparable ego clashes, only the constant struggle of three individual minds, a rendezvous that resembles the relationship of close, but competitive brothers.

"I can categorically say that there's no band leader," Copeland offers, "but Sting does write most of the material, is the more visible member of the group as singer — but that's a natural progression. I'm green with envy, but that's life.

"Being a sex symbol means I can enjoy myself when I'm stuck in Minneapolis."

"When we get into the studio, it's a whole different story," he continues. "Though Sting may have a very clear idea of what the rhythm should be on a song he has written. I've got an even clearer idea of what kind of rhythm I'm going to play, and that's what we end up with."

"Stewart says he has complete control over rhythm; that's not true," Summers contends. "I tell him what to play and he tells me, 'Don't play that.' We *all* tell each other what to play: Stewart has to please Sting and I, I have to please Stewart and Sting, and Sting has to please Stewart and I. That's the way it goes."

However, Sting is reluctant to talk about how he feels towards Copeland and Summers. "They're the best ... but you shouldn't dig dirt, it's not good for the group. Or, of course, their image.

"As long as our image looks good and people like it — fine," Copeland says, adding that he's not too concerned with how he comes off to other people. "This (he holds up the faceless cover of **Ghost In The Machine**) is our only contribution to our image. This is about how important the blond hair, photogenic smiles and handsome faces are.

"Being a sex symbol is quite fun," he continues, "but it has nothing to do with selling records. It means I can enjoy myself when I'm stuck in Minneapolis..."

Or Philadelphia, where the three handsome faces have taken their respective places on stage at the sold-out Spectrum. While watching

Lynn Goldsmith

The Police, from left: Andy Summers, Sting, Stewart Copeland.

a mere trio bring thousands of fans to their feet, it's easy to applaud the Police's strategy for success. And strategy it is, Copeland contends. He should know, having conceived the idea for a sensible rock threesome in England's late '70s. The country was torn musically between punk groups and the excessive/progressive musicians, and Copeland slated the Police to fall logically between the two camps.

"It sounds a bit Machiavellian, but the Police have actually gone according to plan," Copeland affirms. "We wanted to have a group free to develop in its own way without industry pressures. Those pressures have to be avoided scientifically; you have to use your brain and plot a course that will keep your art free of all distractions. And that's the part where we've been clever and strategic. As far as the actual development of our music, we follow our own instincts."

One of their earliest instincts was to dye their hair blond for a part in a Wrigley's Chewing Gum commercial that focused on a precocious punk band stealing cigars and pinching secretaries in an agent's office. At the end of his rope, the agent pulls out a stick of gum. According to Copeland, it was too wild for the gum company, and it never made it on the air. He would, however, like to get his own hands on it.

"I don't take my image *that* seriously," he says, adding that "certain other members of the group would not be caught dead — it'd be the same as if Marilyn Monroe's early porno flicks were discovered. I don't give a damn; I'd like to see it because it tickles my sense of humor."

Andy Summers tickled Copeland's sense of humor enough to play detective Nat Hunt in one of the drummer's Super 8 films. And Sting, who will soon come to the big screen with his role in the eccentric English flick, **Brimstone and Treacle,** now talks backstage at the Spectrum about the possibility of revamping the Police image.

"For the next album, we are going to shave our heads, wear fisherman's sweaters and sing songs about real ale," he says, bouncing around in place before sticking his hand into a cooler. "We're going to play banjos like folkies, and it's going to be called **Blowin' In The Wind**."

"It's been done?"

"Darn..."□

SO YOU WANT TO BE A ROCK STAR?

Quarterflash: Getting Noticed With Self-Made Records

by Janel Bladow

This is a modern fairy tale, a rags-to-riches story of overnight success. It revolves around a local bar band that made good by pressing their favorite song as a single. Then, the singer-songwriter team pounded the pavement, talking record store managers and radio DJs into stocking and playing their song. Their efforts paid off in platinum. Sometimes, hard work is worth the energy.

By the end of 1979, Seafood Mama had scored big at the Portland, Ore. bars, playing covers of well-known dance tunes as well as some of its own songs. The band built a strong following over four years and now had a decision to make.

"We were very eclectic," says singer-saxophonist Rindy Ross. "We were doing a number of things and were tired. We wanted to try for the next pinnacle."

In came a manager — J. Isaac — who doubled as their lawyer.

"He felt we needed to be a northwest-regional phenomenon," she says. "We started breaking into the Seattle area when he lined up an hour-long television simulcast with a local radio station. We had this great opportunity to sell something, but had nothing to sell. So we decided to press our demo tape of *Harden My Heart* on a 45 and run an advertisement at the end of the show saying 'if you like our music, buy our record...' "

The actual recording itself was rather basic but sales were brisk. Within a few months, the eight-track demo made on a home TEAC system was selling thousands of copies in the Northwest.

"Our first 2,000 copies were so well received," remembers Rindy, "that when we went to radio stations, we weren't met with an immediate 'no, we won't play your record.' We didn't have trouble with the record stores either, because they had heard of us; people were coming in and asking for our single and at 25 copies to each store on consignment (the store managers paid for only what they sold and returned the remainder), we were hard to refuse. Let's just say, phones started ringing."

The independently produced single sold over 10,000 copies and became the #1 hit in the region, even charted in **Record World**.

"We never expected it so we only pressed 1,000 copies at a time," she recalls. "It really cost us a lot that way, but it was worth it. It was really kind of a fairy tale."

Following some personnel changes, the group went through a transition. Lead guitarist and songwriter Marv Ross and his wife Rindy hired new musicians and in April of 1981, Quarterflash was born. They signed a lucrative contract with David Geffen's new label, Geffen Records, and released a debut album last fall. The expanded, 24-track studio version of *Harden My Heart* bolted up the charts to Top 10 positions within weeks. The LP, **Quarterflash**, eventually sold over a million copies.

"The single we produced helped us get signed to a major label," believes Rindy. "With the economy the way it is, record business the way it is, you somehow must prove you're worth taking a chance on. Since we were charted, had proven sales and a track record for my singing and Marv's writing, it really helped. We were ecstatic to be offered a deal by Geffen; we were the only unknowns on the label and were even more pleased when we saw the company in action."

Rindy says that trying to find a company to manufacture their independent single was the most confusing part. Through **Billboard** magazines record business directory they found A & R Record Manufacturers (902 N. Industrial Blvd., Dallas, Tx., 214-741-2027) to press the single. For other companies that press vinyl, just check the yellow pages in your area.

"It's hard to sell yourself, so we had our manager do some of the hard hype," Rindy says. "But the best advice I can give is a combination of things: Plot out a game plan (what you want to be doing in the next years), have patience and follow up on your ground work. Record companies hear groups with lots of good music, but the bands don't necessarily have the following. With an independently made record, you have a built in test market."□

***Harden My Heart* became a regional hit pressed on home-made records before Quarterflash turned it into a national hit.**

Lynn Goldsmith

John Cougar: "I make $5 and spend $10."

JOHN COUGAR

FOOLISH BEHAVIOR

Takes A Lickin' And Keeps On Tickin'

by Bob Grossweiner

"I do a lot of stupid things such as overextend my credit, ride my motorcycle at 70 mph, wreck it and every other typical thing a guy my age does," says 30-year-old Cougar, referring to the title of his first album in two years, **American Fool**. "The name is real suitable to me; I seem to get caught up in all the traps."

Overconfidence and boldness can be dangerous. One night after rehearsal, Cougar drove his motorcycle to town. An attempt to pass a lagging driver met with disaster.

"I was just about to hit fourth gear," Cougar recalls, "and I looked up and saw a fuckin' dog right in the middle of the road. I hit the son of a bitch, slid 397 fuckin' feet on the motorcycle, fell off and skidded on the fuckin' concrete. It looked like someone took a power tool and went 'grrr' on my knee, but I really lucked out because I didn't even have my helmet on!"

A two-year recording layoff has given Cougar time to evaluate both his career and his lifestyle. He replaced a few members of his band, and he hauled the new lineup down to Miami's Criteria studios to record his latest record.

"My early records seem like real wimps compared to **American Fool**," Cougar says. "*Hurts So Good*, the first single, has a line that goes 'Sink your teeth right through the bone baby/ Show me what you can do/Come on make it hurt so good.' That line is real fun to write and sing and laugh at when you listen to it."

Although Cougar is a dynamic performer, portions of the country know him just as the songwriter of *I Need a Lover*, which Pat Benatar covered a few years back.

"She bought me a new home," he chuckles, referring to his royalties. "She's a producer's dream. I hope *Lover* is released as a single," states Cougar. "I need some more money! I want to buy some more motorcycles. I have three: a Harley Sportster, a Suzuki PE250, and a Yamaha 175 Scrambler. And they've got this great deal on a Harley Double Bubble for $5,000 — it's 1200 c.c. But I've got to save some money because I don't know how this record is going to go. Me and money don't go very far. I make $5 and spend $10.

"I'm not going to tour if I can't make money," he claims. "I'm tired of losing money on the road. Last year, we lost between $200,000 and $300,000. We opened for the Kinks for a while, and they only give the opening acts $500 a night. I can't do it anymore for that. I finally had to get off the road because I couldn't afford to lose any more money.

The headliners feel they're doing me a favor letting me get in front of their audience for the exposure. Basically they are, but I hope I'm at the point where I can say, 'don't be so nice to me. Quit worrying about me so much and making me lose so much money. Don't be so nice if you like me so much.' "□

JUDAS PRIEST

HIT PARADER

Pick Hit THE WAITRESSES

Serving Fast Food For Pop People

by Andrew Edelstein

The Waitresses, from left: Dan Klayman, Billy Ficca, Chris Butler, Tracy Wormworth, Mars Williams, Patty Donahue.

You know her; there's one in every school: The perky princess who knows she has everything and isn't afraid to show the world. You see her in the halls with nose held high, hair bouncing so, flashing you an alluring smile. So what happens when you respond to her come-hither look? She says, "Sorry Charlie, I've got other plans."

Well, that bitchiness has been captured on vinyl—on *I Know What Boys Like*, the opening cut on the Waitresses' **Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful**? The tune has a hook falling somewhere between nursery rhyme and New Wave, and singer Patty Donahue gets that twitty, taunting attitude down so pat you'd think the song was autobiographical.

But no. The tune was written for Donahue by lead guitarist and songwriter, Chris Butler—a man. Butler doesn't end there. He also writes from the woman's point of view on *No Guilt*, where the heroine finds she can successfully stand on her own after leaving a relationship, and *Go On*, as Donahue sings: "If I don't want to get shot, why do I give them ammunition?"

"My writing from a woman's point of view has been over-emphasized," says Butler. "You know it's not really that difficult, or else all male playwrights could never have written any female leads. What I'm trying to do is write about universal themes. I'm more interested in post-liberation situations. Instead of waving a banner that says 'women should have certain jobs,' I take that as a given. There's no point in arguing that anymore. She's already got the job. Now what?"

Butler, 32, has a sociology degree from Kent State University, and the Waitresses provides for the expression of insights gleaned in academia so many years ago. But what makes the band unique is the mixture of Butler's vision with the presence of Donahue, a nervous, angular 25-year-old, whose stage and vinyl persona reflect the independent, almost-confident '80s woman. The pair work well together, with Butler often incorporating one-line suggestions from Donahue into his songs. In fact, Butler began writing his songs with her in mind.

"We have a kinship for each other," Donahue reflects. "We both come from broken homes, and have always stressed independence. Still, those who aren't familiar with the band are surprised when they discover I didn't write the songs."

Donahue had never sung professionally (but she had worked as a waitress) when Butler asked her to join a new band he was forming in Kent. At the time, Butler was a member of Tin Huey, a highly innovative Ohio-based band that won much critical acclaim for its mixture of electronics, rock and free-form jazz.

The Waitresses borrow much from Tin Huey, playing music for people who can think with their head and dance with their feet at the same time. "The danceable beat helps sugar-coat the lyrics," Butler says.

The band released *Boys Like* as an indy single in 1980, and it became a staple of the rock club and college radio circuit. Their visibility and airplay increased last year when they moved to New York, and the LP further spread the group's popularity.

But Butler was sobered by his experience with Tin Huey, who were signed by a major label. After one highly praised LP the band was dropped from the roster, a victim of the record biz recession of '79.

"At this point we really can't afford to be bold and daring. We're still trying to build our base," he says. "Two or three records down the line, we're going to be an awfully weird band."□

Shooting Stars

by Charley Crespo

Johnny and the Distractions

"Places like Portland and Seattle aren't real glamorous," explains guitarist/singer Johnny Koonce of the Oregon-based Johnny and the Distractions. "They're gritty, blue-collar cities. After a day's work, the people there like to pile into clubs, get tanked up and just go wild, rocking out to a band that's cranked up to 10. That's where we come in."

The Great Northwest has been turning out a fair share of rock bands, beginning with Paul Revere and the Raiders and the Sonics in the '60s, and more recently, Heart, Quarterflash and now, Johnny and the Distractions.

At the age of 14, Koonce left Washington D.C., where he worked as a labor organizer, a pool-hall racker and a tavern-band hack, before forming the Distractions two years ago. From their following in the Northwest, the rocking quintet (Koonce, Mark Spangler, Gregg Perry, Kevin Jarris and Larue Todd) hopes to expand nationally with its debut LP, **Let It Rock.**

"The experience of playing to those audiences in that region makes us what we are," Koonce adds. "The people who came to see us wanted their three bucks' worth. We always tried to give it to them."

The Blasters

"I could never understand why people thought what we're doing wasn't commercial," Gene Taylor of the Blasters said. "If it wasn't commercial, then Jerry Lee Lewis wouldn't have ever had a hit."

The Blasters — vocalist/guitarist Phil Alvin, lead guitarist Dave Alvin, bassist John Bazz, drummer Bill Bateman and pianist Gene Taylor — have stuck to '50s-style, uptempo rock and roll (rockabilly), though when they first started it seemed no one wanted to hear it. Now, almost three years later, without a major record deal, their self-titled album on a small Los Angeles record label is stirring up attention. Cult followings line up outside the clubs and greet the Blasters like "the next big thing."

The road to riches began when members of Queen caught their set at an L.A. roller rink. The British group asked the Blasters to open some West Coast dates, even though the Queen audience didn't know anything about them. The group instantly graduated from 300-capacity gigs to 15,000 seaters — a move that was too swift —and although it brought the band a lot of attention, the Queen fans were considerably hostile to them.

The group is now progressing at a more normal rate, headlining club gigs, again battling for recognition, counting down the hours before blast off.

The Tom Tom Club

Among the season's most unusual hits are *Wordy Rappinghood* and *Genius of Love* from the Tom Tom Club's self-titled debut album. The Club is a side project for Tina Weymouth, bassist for Talking Heads, assisted by her husband and fellow Talking Head, Chris Frantz (drums), her sisters Laura and Ronnie and a host of New York session musicians.

Since Weymouth and Frantz comprise the Heads' rhythm section, it is not surprising that the Tom Tom Club's foundation is a rhythmic, percussive, almost primitive groove. As counterpoint, the occasional French lyrics seem like an afterthought; Weymouth herself comes from a French-speaking family.

Although there will be no tour, television or personal appearances to coincide with **The Tom Tom Club,** Weymouth has indicated that this is not a one-shot project. In the meantime, she and her husband remain members of Talking Heads.

Aldo Nova

"When I graduated from high school, my father insisted I go out and find a steady job," recalls Aldo Nova. "After a short stint in a steel factory, I realized I had to go out and *do it!* I quit the factory and began supporting myself by working days in a recording studio so I could spend all my nights playing rock and roll."

Now, five years later, at the ripe old age of 24, Nova's self-titled debut album spotlights his talents as songwriter, vocalist, guitarist, keyboardist, producer and engineer. Initial recording began in 1979, when Nova was employed as a staff writer for ATV Music in Montreal. Excerpts of the material reached Sandy Pearlman, manager of Black Sabbath and Blue Oyster Cult. Pearlman immediately asked to work with Nova, and before long the musician had a recording contract. By this time, Nova had completed 95% of the album on his own.

"Some people play music and quit if it doesn't work out immediately," Nova says. "But there's nothing else I'm going to do."

Wayne Williams/L.G.I.

Pretenders, from left: Martin Chambers, Pete Farndon, Chrissie Hynde, James Honeyman-Scott.

PRETENDERS

RHYTHM & BOOZE

Bowling With The Rockers: Right Up Your Alley.

by Steve Weitzman

Finding themselves in New York for an extended layover at the close of their 1982 U.S. tour, the Pretenders faced the daily decision of what to do with their time.

In town to perform three shows at the Palladium and two at the Ritz as well as several area college dates, rescheduled because of drummer Martin Chambers' earlier hand injury, the band found extracurricular options piled up like beer cans at a Charlie Daniels concert. Asked what he'd like to do after one particular show, Chambers laughed and said, "I'd like to beat up Clint Eastwood."

Chrissie Hynde, decked out in black leather pants and tuxedo jacket, offered a variation: "I'd like Clint Eastwood to beat *me* up."

Hynde's main squeeze, the Kinks' Ray Davies, was out of town. As a result, she settled for an evening out with the girls. She got together with a few of the city's more notorious female rockers — most notably Pat Place of the Bush Tetras — for a few drinks at One University, a bar in Greenwich Village.

Another favorite spot for Pretenders post-concert fun and games was the Bowling Club, an after-hours hangout which offers the irresistible package of all-night music and unlimited bowling for ten dollars. One such late-night visit to the club ended sooner than expected. Moments after they arrived, one of the male members of the band (who begged anonymity) looked across the room and shielded his face.

"Let's split," he said. "There's a girl over there who I was somewhat intimate with recently and, for obvious reasons, I'd rather she didn't see me."

Walking down the steps to the street, bassist Pete Farndon refers to bowling and asked James Honeyman-Scott, "Did you do any balls playing?" Scott shook his head no.

"He's one of the best balls players around," Farndon quipped. "He's got a natural bend."

Scott cracked up.

Jokes aside, the Pretenders on stage are all business and offer a tough-edged, powerhouse set. Even the ballads are biting and snarly. This talented quartet has earned a reputation of being truly innovative and highly original. They combine a personal rock vision, with subversive undertones, wrapped inside a rare melodic package. This is a band to believe in.

Individually, the Pretenders never think about stuff like that; they're much too unpretentious. Their only desire is to create music that feels good to them. As Martin Chambers said one evening recently, "We don't think we're gonna write the next pop-opera or the next punk-opera, nor are we going to

start inventing new glues to sniff. The thing with this band is that a song will be created by one means or another, and you go along with whatever the arrangement is and try and put together a good song. We don't really think much farther than that."

"Let's split. There's a girl over there who I was somewhat intimate with recently and I'd rather she didn't see me."

So far, the Pretenders have released two full-length albums sandwiched around last year's five-song **Extended Play.** Though it includes a live version of *Precious*, recorded in New York's Central Park, Chrissie regrets having released it.

"The EP was a mistake," she contends. "It was a setback for us because some of those songs were supposed to be on our second album. There were a lot of deadlines and tours were planned, even before we had finished recording our second album. That put a lot of pressure on us. It wasn't very pleasant and I don't want that to ever happen again. None of us do."

As for whether she's been able to come up with any new material for a subsequent album, she adds, "I find it pretty difficult to write when we're on the road because we're doing the same set every night and that puts us in a bit of a rut. It's hard to think of new ideas."

With the interview finishing up over a game of pool at a friend's apartment in the Village, dark-haired Pete Farndon talked about the musical influences he brought to the band as co-founding member and how he came to meet Hynde.

"I'd be lying if I didn't say that the whole punk explosion didn't have anything to do with what we're doing," he said. "During the Christmas of 1975 I was at my parents place in Hereford, England, which is where Jimmy, Martin and I are from, and I ran into an old friend. I asked, 'Seen any good bands lately?' And he said, 'yeah, there's a band called the Sex Pistols.' I never saw anything of 'em till June '76, when they played the Hundred Club in London.

"I watched their gig, and as far as musicianship, they were lousy, but it was something to see somebody get up and brazenly say, 'Listen to this — we're doing something that you've never heard before.' And Johnny Rotten was obviously a star.

"The logical thing would have been to jump into it and try to get a gig with some punk band, but it wasn't that easy," Farndon continued. "I was a lot older than the punks, and there's no way I could've just phoned up the right people and said we're gonna put a band together and it's going to be part of the punk thing."

Finding himself on the outside of the punk scene, Farndon joined an Australian folk-rock band called the Bushwackers and did a tour of Germany and Holland. Eventually ousted from Australia because of immigration hassles, he journeyed back to England and "got a proper band together." Meanwhile, all those punk bands had come and gone and self-destructed, which is the only thing the Sex Pistols and the like could possibly do.

"Within three weeks I met Chrissie. She was trying to get a band together, but couldn't get the right people. She had been doing some stuff with Mick Jones, but I don't think she was being taken seriously as she comes on pretty tough, probably putting a lot of people off.

"We played together the night we met, and it was pretty fucking obvious to me that she was a force. There's definitely no female singer in the music business who can touch her. It's not only the way she sings, but the way she writes as well. Some of the melodies on the new album are something."

So this is whole band. Wonder if Clint Eastwood likes 'em...□

Gary Gershoff

Chrissie Hynde: "I'd like Clint Eastwood to beat me up."

HEAVY METAL HAPPENINGS

by Andy Secher

Heavy Metal Happenings is a new Hit Parader column designed to give insight into the world of rock and roll. In the coming months, we will give you up-to-the-minute info on all your favorite performers — at home, on the road and in the studio. If it's happening, you'll read it here!

The one and only Ozzy "I got bats in my belfry" Osbourne stunned a packed house in Des Moines, IA recently when he bit the head off a dead bat that one of his more faithful disciples had tossed on stage. Oz was rushed to a nearby hospital where he was given a series of painful anti-rabies shots. Contacted shortly after his release from the hospital he told **Heavy Metal Happenings,** "It just seemed to be the right thing to do. Sometimes I get so carried away on stage that I really don't know who or where I am, or what I'm doing. If someone threw their younger brother on stage, I'd probably try to bite his head off too."

A few weeks later, still on the road, Ozzy urinated on the Alamo. His arresting officer told him: "Boy, when you piss on the Alamo, you pissin' on Texas."

****

There's a story behind Van Halen's recent a cappella recording of the old Roy Rogers' hit *Happy Trails,* which appeared as the B side of the *Oh Pretty Woman* single. According to a band spokesman, the boys enjoy singing the song when they stop to pick up burgers at Roy's fast-food joints on the road. In fact, rumor has it that ol' David Lee hopes to be stuffed and mounted just like Trigger one of these days.

Bad Company with Boz Burrell, Paul Rodgers, Mick Ralphs and Simon Kirke: "Everything's moving along smoothly."

****

Aerosmith has hired guitarist Rick Dufay to replace the departed Brad Whitford. The new lineup is at work in Florida on an album due for release this summer.

****

Ted Nugent has a new album and a new band. The Wild One has just completed work on **Habitual Offender** with drummer Carmine Appice, bassist Dave Kiswiney and vocalist Derek St. Holmes (who worked with Nuge on earlier classics like **Cat Scratch Fever.** New tracks include *Bound and Gagged* and *You Can't Keep A Good Dog Off Your Leg.*

****

Whatever happened to Bad Company? While music industry sources remain mum about the band's future plans, some musical friends say the band may finally be ready to break their three-year recording silence. Ex-Deep Purple keyboardist Jon Lord, a close acquaintance of Bad Co.'s Mick Ralphs reports, "I know that they finished an album a year ago and then decided to scrap the whole project. Then Paul (Rodgers) talked about leaving the band. But right now everything's moving along smoothly. They seem really motivated again."

****

Speaking of keeping a low profile, it's good to see that Boston's finally put the finishing touches on their new album, **Third Stage.** It's been nearly four years since the release of **Don't Look Back,** and more than a few fans have been wondering whether the group took a wrong turn during their last tour of Guam, never to be seen again. "Tom Scholz is a perfectionist," an Epic Records spokesman told **Heavy Metal Happenings.** "If it was anybody else's album it would've been out two years ago."

****

Kiss has finally finished designing their new stage show, one that Paul Stanley called "our best yet." The costumed crusaders plan to hit the road in August. "We haven't toured America in over two years, so we want to play everywhere we can," Gene Simmons said. "I can guarantee that no one who comes to see this show will leave disappointed."

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Other bands planning American tours this summer include: Journey, Rainbow, Van Halen, Judas Priest, Scorpions, Fleetwood Mac and REO Speedwagon. The Who are taking it under consideration.

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We've been receiving lots of mail for Van Halen. Instead of writing to us, write to the guys themselves at: P.O. Box 2128, North Hollywood, Ca. 91602. Things have been a little slow for the boys since the end of their last tour and I'm sure they'd love to play at your lawn party, wedding, bar mitzvah or whatever.

****

As **Hit Parader** went to press, word reached us that Randy Rhoades, Ozzy Osbourne's gifted lead guitarist, was killed in a tragic airplane disaster. The band's tour has continued, however, with Bernie Torme replacing Rhoades.

Rock'n'Roll Hit Parade

Exclusive Feature: Top Ten Countdown of the Hitmakers

compiled by Bob Grossweiner

Each month *Hit Parader* features the all-time favorite recordings from the turntables of today's most popular artists. This month we present the lists of three hard-rocking guitarists: Rick Medlocke, Bob Kulick and Dave Murray.

RICK MEDLOCKE, guitarist, drummer, vocalist, Blackfoot

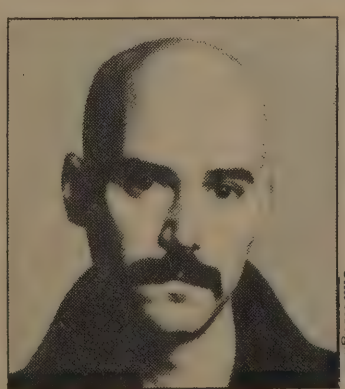
1. **Electric Ladyland,** the Jimi Hendrix Experience
2. **Wheels of Fire,** Cream
3. **Tres Hombres,** ZZ Top
4. **Axis: Bold as Love,** the Jimi Hendrix Experience
5. **Abbey Road,** the Beatles
6. **Physical Graffiti,** Led Zeppelin
7. **Are You Experienced?,** the Jimi Hendrix Experience
8. **Split Ends,** the Move
9. **Fire and Water,** Free
10. **Ginseng Woman,** Eric Gale

DAVE MURRAY, guitarist, Iron Maiden

Robert Ellis

1. **Joe's Garage, Act I** and **Joe's Garage, Acts II & III,** Frank Zappa
2. **Burn,** Deep Purple
3. **Van Halen I,** Van Halen
4. **Rainbow Bridge/Original Motion Picture Soundtrack,** Jimi Hendrix
5. **Electric Ladyland,** the Jimi Hendrix Experience
6. **Love Hunter,** Whitesnake
7. **Lovedrive,** Scorpions
8. **Welcome to My Nightmare,** Alice Cooper
9. **Free Live,** Free
10. **Bridge of Sighs,** Robin Trower

BOB KULICK, guitarist, Balance



Jim Houghton

1. **Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band,** the Beatles
2. **Truth,** Jeff Beck
3. **Peter Gabriel** (first solo album), Peter Gabriel
4. **Electric Ladyland,** the Jimi Hendrix Experience
5. **Goodbye,** Cream
6. **The Alice Cooper Show,** Alice Cooper
7. **War Babies,** Daryl Hall/John Oates
8. **Paul Stanley,** Paul Stanley
9. **Led Zeppelin I,** Led Zeppelin
10. **Escape,** Journey

HIT PARADER ROCK POLL

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On the coupon below list your three favorite rock acts, the acts you would most like to read about in **Hit Parader**. Not only will this help us provide the kind of coverage you want, but in our January, 1983 issue we will announce the winner: THE MOST POPULAR ROCK ACT IN AMERICA!

Also on the coupon check the album of your choice. Each month we will choose twenty respondents at random and mail out the free LPs.

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Would you rather get (choose one)

☐ **UFO** ☐ **PRISM**

GUITAR CONTEST WINNER

As advertised in the March issue of *Hit Parader*, Triumph's Rik Emmett has drawn the winning entry for the free Dean guitar. The lucky contestant is Mark Hindrup from San Ramon, California. Congratulations go out to Mark and thanks to all of our readers who entered the contest.

Sports Challenge

This month:

SAXON'S BLOOD & GUTS

The *Hit Parader* staff issues this challenge: We dare the rock stars to take us on in sports competition. Various events include pinball, ping pong and pool. Other sports will be considered, including mud wrestling (with the proper party, of course). Results will be announced in these pages.

Immediately after a smoking set at New York's Palladium, where the hard-rocking English quintet left an audience hollering and standing on their chairs, we took Saxon's "Biff" Byford a few blocks away to the Ritz, a popular New York rock club. There, we were instantly drawn to the video games: Defender, Pac-Man and Centipede. Biff said his obsessions are Gorf and Battle Zone, but settled for a tournament on Centipede, a game he said he'd never played before yet learned to maneuver quickly.

"I found me forte," he announced in a thick accent after a respectable score on what he called "a practice game".

"What the hell is *that*, that's what I want to know," he shouted when new alien invaders waltzed through the video screen, throwing him off guard.

Biff lost the first of three contests by a narrow margin, but came back strong in the second game, winning 15,000 to 4,000. He stood back and pointed to the scoreboard.

"You must admit, that's not a win, that's a slaughter," he boasted to everyone standing near the machine. He who laughs last laughs best, however. **Hit Parader** went on to defeat the tall, handsome singer in the last game, 12,000 to 7,000.

"It's the fucking spider, that's the bastard," Biff said of the alien creature that finally did in his shooter. "His mother must have been a cop.

"Come to England sometime and I'll test you on Battle Zone," he said as we left the machine to other players.□

Saxon's Biff Byford: "That's not a win, that's a slaughter."

Laurie Paladino

KROKUS

UNSAFE AT ANY SPEED

The Women We've Known On The Midnight Express

by Andy Secher

"Open up, we know you're in there," the gum-popping, teeny-bopper screamed as she and a friend pounded on Krokus' dressing room door. "Come on will ya?" she moaned, casually popping another bubble and teetering precariously on six-inch-high gold lame platform shoes.

Finally, after five minutes of pounding, kicking and screaming, the door cracked open and the curly head of vocalist Marc Storace emerged to investigate the source of the racket.

Krokus, from left: Mark Kohler, Freddy Steady, Marc Storace, Fernando Von Arb, Chris Von Rohr: "You could get any girl you wanted by offering a chocolate bar."

"Hello ladies," he said, "what can I do for you?"

Suddenly realizing that their goal had been accomplished, one of the girls — dressed in a Stones t-shirt three sizes too small — blurted out, "You're one of them!" and proceeded to push her way into the band's inner sanctum, dragging her friend along.

"That's what I love about American women," Storace laughed. "They're always so restrained."

Such scenes seem to be happening with increasing regularity for Krokus these days. But it's not only groupies who've come to appreciate their talents, for over the last three years this Swiss hard rock quintet has won over a dedicated group of headbangers who view them as the next great continental heavy metal act. With the release of a third album, **One Vice At A Time,** Storace, guitarists Fernando Von Arb and new member Mark Kohler, bassist Chris Von Rohr and drummer Freddy Steady, have shown that no matter whether a group is from England, America or Switzerland, rock and roll is truly the universal language.

"We've been touring all over the world," Storace explained. "We've been in something like a dozen countries in the last year alone, and each one is so different. We were in Italy a few months back, for instance, and that's a very strange place to play. The government puts restrictions on everything. They tell you how many people can see the show, and how loud you can play. Spain isn't much better. We played in a bull ring outside of Barcelona and the people were practically rioting in the streets. I'm not sure if we caused it," he laughed. "The people over there tend to riot over just about anything.

"The most interesting place we've played recently was Hungary," he continued. "They're just so starved for rock and roll behind the Iron Curtain that they treat any band that comes to their country like conquering heroes. They'll do anything to see a band play there, and to be honest, I was surprised that we were allowed to play at all. Usually they only let in very 'safe' bands that won't get the crowd too excited. One thing we've never been accused of is being safe," he joked.

"The people there are just incredible. I feel so sorry for them, though. Guys would come up to us with gold coins trying to buy a few guitar strings. They can't get them there and they're willing to pay a fortune for them. It's as if the mentality from World War II is still alive. You could get any girl you wanted by just offering a few nylon stockings or a chocolate bar. They'll practically kill one another to get hold of things that we take for granted. It was a very eye-opening experience."

While Storace found out that Hungarian girls were willing to do virtually anything for a Hershey bar, on Krokus' last American tour he discovered, to his delight, that while Stateside girls may be a bit more demanding, they're no less agreeable. In fact, the band was so overwhelmed by what Storace termed the "vitality and availability" of American girls, that on their new album they've paid tribute to the female rock fans of the U.S.A. by rerecording the old Guess Who favorite, *American Woman.*

"Girls in your country have the right idea when it comes to dealing with musicians," Storace said. "They just want to have a good time and not worry about anything as trivial as a lasting relationship. We found American girls to be very friendly, and for a group of homesick boys from Switzerland, that attitude made us feel very welcome."

The band's preoccupation with having a good time is reflected throughout **One Vice At A Time** where song titles like *Long Stick Goes Boom* and *Bad Boys and Rag Dolls* tell you all you need to know about Krokus' artistic attitude. Make no mistake about it, these guys are male chauvinists, and they're proud of it. Yet, despite the single-minded lyrical vision of their new album, the wailing guitars of Von Arb and Kohler, as well as Storace's no-nonsense delivery, have provided Krokus with some very impressive hard-rock artillery.

"This is our third American album, and it's our best," Storace explained. "All you've got to do is listen to the album to hear how we've improved. My favorite new song is *Long Stick Goes Boom* which has lyrics like (he starts singing): 'My stick is tight/ My blood is hot/Let's do it right on this spot.' I don't know if we're as sexually blatant as some people say," he laughed, "but if we are, at least we're singing about something we enjoy."□

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SINCE YOU'RE GONE

(As recorded by The Cars)

RIC OCASEK

Since you're gone
The nights are getting strange
Since you're gone
Well nothing's making sense
Since you're gone
I stumble in the shade
Since you're gone
Ev'rything's in perfect tense well.

I can't help it
When you fall apart
And I can't help it
I guess you better start
That is, forgetting about you.

Since you're gone
The nights are getting strange
Since you're gone
I'm throwing it all away
Since you're gone
The nights are getting strange
Since you're gone
I'm throwing it all away.

I can't help it
Ev'rything's a mess
I can't help it
You're so treacherous
When it comes to tenderness
Since you're gone.

I can't help it
Ev'rything's a mess
I can't help it
You're so treacherous
Oh where's that tenderness.

Since you're gone
I miss the peak sensation
Since you're gone
I took the big vacation
Since you're gone
Well never feel sedate
Since you're gone
Well the moonlight ain't so great
Since you're gone
Well I've thrown it all away.

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ALLEY CAT BLUES

(As recorded by Starfighters)

BURTON
DENNIS
HAMBLY
YOUNG

Tough time in the city
Times are getting hard
Spending all my money
Just drinking at the bar
My feet are getting dirty
Since I wore away my shoes
Now my doctor's gone and told me
I got the alley cat blues
I don't want suicide
I don't want sympathy
But then alley cats
Got their claws on me.

Alley cat howl
Alley cat scream
Alley cat prowl
Alley cat mean.

When you got too little
Too little ain't enough
When you ain't got nothing
You know times are getting tough
Don't ask the little big man
'Cause he'll only kick you down
Keep on looking for your chances
And your time will come around
I don't want suicide
I don't want sympathy
But them alley cats
Got their claws in me.
(Repeat chorus)

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I BELIEVE

(As recorded by Chilliwack)

BILL HENDERSON

I was lost in time
Feelin' like the victim of a perfect crime
Until that night I met you
How was I to know just what your love could do
Now I believe there has been a change in me
I believe that it was meant to be.
Can't you see I believe in you and me
It's so easy so damn easy to see
The way I feel for you
And you for me.
In the dark of night
We can be what we would like to be
And it's all right
When it's you, you and me girl
Well I feel like we're the only people in the world
It's so easy so damn easy to see
The way I feel for you
And you for me.

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HERE TO LOVE YOU

(As recorded by The Dooble Brothers)

MICHAEL McDONALD

I've heard it said that the weight of
the world's problems
Is enough to make the ball fall right
through space
That it ain't even worth it to live
With all that's goin' wrong.

Well let me just go down as saying
That I'm glad to be here
Here with all the same pain and
laughs everybody knows.

Some men think they're born to be
king now
Maybe that's true girl
But I think passing love around
Is all we were born to do.

Let them build their kingdoms
Let them make the laws for this
world to heed
Oh you and I make life worth living
Right here in each other's arms.

I'm here to love you baby
No more loneliness yeah
No more emptiness oh
I'm here to love you yeah, yeah.

Let them build their kingdoms
Let them make the laws for this
world to heed
Oh you and I make life worth living
Right here in each other's arms.

I'm here to love you baby
No more loneliness yeah
No more emptiness
I'm here to love you
(Just let me go on loving you)
Just let me go on
(Don't stop me now when I'm feeling
this way)
Don't stop me
(Just let me go on loving you)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
(Don't stop me now when I'm feeling
this way)
Just let me go on
(Just let me go on loving you)
I'm here to love you.

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WHEN IT'S OVER

(As recorded by Loverboy)

PAUL DEAN
MIKE RENO

When you look into his eyes
Comes to you as no surprise
It's always the same
Every time he's out with you
He tries to tell you what to do
You don't need it that way
Sometimes you think you'll play the
fool
He's running around breaking all the
rules
Somehow that don't seem fair
There's got to be a better way
You know what I'm trying to say
'Cause deep, deep down inside
You really like those total lies
What did he ever do for you
What's he tryin' to put you through
I just don't understand
You showed him love and tenderness
Touched him with your sweet caress
Now he's leaving you
So what's the point
In working it out
Tell me what it's all about
That's why you're saying.

I hope you're with me
I hope you're with me when it's over
I hope you're with me
I hope you're with me when it's over
You won't be lonely
You won't be lonely when it's over
You won't be lonely
You, when it's over
It's over, it's over, it's over
It's over, it's over, it's over.

And in the morning when he's gone
Please don't sing that sad, sad song
(I don't wanna hear it)
Forget about him let him go
It won't hurt what he don't know
What's he trying to say to you
What's he trying to tell you
He don't really care
Face the truth and realize
You don't need any advice
No more.
(Repeat chorus)

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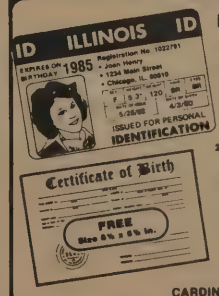

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SHANGHAI BREEZES

(As recorded by John Denver)

JOHN DENVER

It's funny how you sound as if you're right next door
When you're really half a world away
I just can't seem to find the words I'm looking for
To say the things that I want to say.

I can't remember when I felt so close to you
It's almost more than I can bear
And though I seem a half a million miles from you
You are in my heart and living there.

And the moon and the stars are the same ones you see
It's the same old sun up in the sky
And your voice in my ear is like heaven to me
Like the breezes here in old Shanghai.

There are lovers who walk hand in hand in the park
And lovers who walk all alone
There are lovers who lie unafraid in the dark
And lovers who long for home
Oh I couldn't leave you even if I wanted to
You're in my dreams and always near
And especially when I sing the songs I wrote for you
You are in my heart and living there.

And the moon and the stars are the same ones you see
It's the same old sun up in the sky
And your face in my dreams is like heaven to me
Like the breezes here in old Shanghai.

Shanghai breezes cool and clearing evening's sweet caress
Shanghai breezes soft and gentle remind me of your tenderness.

And the moon and the stars are the same ones you see
It's the same old sun up in the sky
And your love in my life is like heaven to me
Like the breezes here in old Shanghai.

And the moon and the stars are the same ones you see
It's the same old sun up in the sky
And your love in my life is like heaven to me
Like the breezes here in old Shanghai
Just like the breezes here in old Shanghai.

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I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ME

(As recorded by Charlene)

RON MILLER
KEN HIRSCH

Hey lady, you lady cursin' at your life
You're a discontented mother
And a regimented wife
I've no doubt you dream about the things you'll never do
But I wish someone had o' talked to me
Like I wanna talk to you
Ooh I've been to Georgia and California and anywhere I could run
Took the hand of a preacher man and we made love in the sun
But I ran out of places and friendly faces
Because I had to be free
I've been to paradise
But I've never been to me.

Please lady, please lady don't just walk away
'Cause I have this need to tell you
Why I'm all alone today
I can see so much of me still livin' in your eyes
Won't you share a part of a weary heart
That has lived a million lies
Oh I've been to Nice and the isle of Greece while I sipped champagne on a yacht
I moved like Harlow in Monte Carlo and showed 'em what I've got
I've been undressed by kings and I've seen some things that a woman ain't s'posed to see
I've been to paradise
But I've never been to me.

Sometimes I've been to cryin' for unborn children
That might have made me complete
But I, I took the sweet life and never knew I'd be bitter from the sweet
I spent my life exploring the subtle whoring that cost too much to be free
Hey lady I've been to paradise
But I've never been to me.

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NOBODY SAID IT WAS EASY

(As recorded by Le Roux)

TONY HASELDEN

It's just another daydream
The kids will be okay
It's just another detour
They haven't lost their way.

They're lookin' for the lights
Somewhere they're shining
Lookin' for the lights
Oh oh
Lookin' for the lights
That silver lining
Lookin' for the lights
Oh oh.

Sometimes you hate it
Sometimes you love it
Sometimes you don't know
What to think of it.

Nobody said it was easy
Nobody said it was
Nobody said it was easy
Nobody said it
Now is no time to give up.

Some they love the money
Some they love the fame
Some they don't love anything at all
I don't know why they came.

Lookin' for the lights
Somewhere they're shining
Lookin' for the lights
Oh oh
Lookin' for the lights
That silver lining
Lookin' for the lights
Oh oh.

Sometimes you hate it
Sometimes you love it
Sometimes you don't know
What to think of it.

Nobody said it was easy
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Now is no time to give up.
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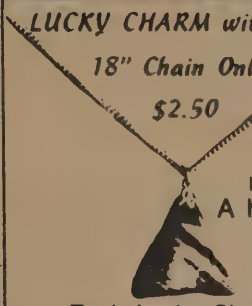

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SECRET JOURNEY

(As recorded by The Police)

STING

Upon a secret journey
I met a holy man
His blindness was his wisdom
I'm such a lonely man.

And as the world was turning
It rolled itself in pain
This does not seem to touch you
He pointed to the rain.

You will see light in the darkness
You will make some sense of this
When you've made your secret journey
You will find this love you miss.

And on the days that followed
I listened to his words
I strained to understand him
I chased his thoughts like birds.

You will see light in the darkness
You will make some sense of this
When you've made your secret journey
You will find this love you miss.

You will see light in the darkness
You will make some sense of this
You will see joy in this sadness
You will find this love you miss
And when you've made your secret journey
You will be a holy man
When you've made your secret journey
You will be a holy man
When you've made your secret journey
You will be a holy man.

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MAKE A MOVE ON ME

(As recorded by Olivia Newton-John)

JOHN FARRAR
TOM SNOW

I can tell you got plans for me
And your eyes are saying you made them carefully
But tonight I have to say
There just might be another way
(I can't wait to)
Won't you spare me all the charms
And take me in your arms
I can't wait
I can't wait.

I'm the one you want
That's all I have to be
So come on baby
Make a move on me
Got nowhere to go
All my time is free
So come on baby
Make a move on me tonight
I can't wait
I can't wait.

You made the prettiest speech I've heard
But a single touch surely is worth a thousand words
To a heart that's open wide
And from the start was on your side
(I can't wait to)
Won't you spare me all the charms
And take me in your arms
I can't wait
I can't wait.
(Repeat chorus)

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PRIVATE PROPERTY

(As recorded by Ringo Starr)

McCARTNEY

Private property
Don't run off with it
You'll be breaking the law
Love monopoly
My philosophy
Don't go fooling with private property.

She's mine
She belongs to me
And we'll get on fine as long as you agree
That she's my private property, private property.

Private property
Don't run after it
You'll be facing a charge
Have some common sense
You get off the fence
Don't go fooling with private property.

It's known
When we're in a crowd
That there's gonna be no trespassing allowed
'Cos she's my private property, private property
How can I disagree
She insists that it's all for me.

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RIGHT THE FIRST TIME

(As recorded by Gamma)

R. MONTROSE
M. FROOM
J. STAHL

You say you're looking for someone
And you're burning up inside
I know I'm the only one
Who can keep you satisfied.

We can't afford to wait
Tomorrow is too late.
Alright all night
Sometimes love can still survive
Walking the straight line
All night alright
Don't you know that we can make it
Right the first time.

They say it's gone too far
And we're growing up too fast
But they don't know
Who we are
So let's make this moment last.

We can't afford to wait
Tomorrow is too late.
Alright all night
Sometimes love can still survive
Walking the straight line
All night alright
Don't you know that we can make it
Right the first time
Right the first time
Right the first time
Right the first time.

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JUKE BOX HERO

(As recorded by Foreigner)

L. GRAMM
M. JONES

Standing in the rain
With his head hung low
Couldn't get a ticket
It was a sold-out show
Heard the roar of the crowd
He could picture the scene
Put his ear to the wall
Then like a distant scream
He heard one guitar
Just blew him away
Saw stars in his eyes
And the very next day
Bought a beat up six string
In a second-hand store
Didn't know how to play it
But he knew for sure
That one guitar
Felt good in his hands
Didn't take long
To understand
Just one guitar
Slung way down low
Was a one-way ticket
Only one way to go
So he started rockin'
Ain't never gonna stop
Gotta keep on rockin'
Someday gonna make it to the top.

And be a juke box hero
(Got stars in his eyes)
He's a juke box hero
He took one guitar
(Juke box hero stars in his eyes)
Juke box hero
(Stars in his eyes)
He'll come alive tonight.

In a town without a name
In a heavy downpour
Thought he passed his own shadow
By the backstage door
Like a trip through the past
That day in the rain
And that one guitar
Made his whole life change
Now he needs to keep a-rockin'
He just can't stop
Gotta keep on rockin'
That boy has got to stay on top.

And be a juke box hero
(Got stars in his eyes)
He's a juke box hero
(Got stars in his eyes)
Yeah juke box hero
(Stars in his eyes)
With that one guitar
(Stars in his eyes)
He'll come alive
Come alive tonight.

Yeah he's gotta keep a-rockin'
He just can't stop
Gotta keep on rockin'
That boy has got to stay on top.

And be a juke box hero
(Got stars in his eyes)
He's a juke box hero
(Got stars in his eyes)
It took one guitar
(Juke box hero)
Put stars in his eyes
Now he's just a juke box hero
Juke box hero, juke box hero
He's got stars in his eyes
Stars in his eyes.

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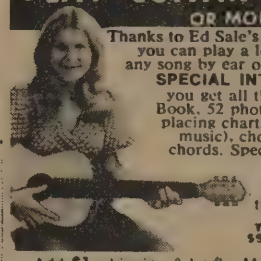

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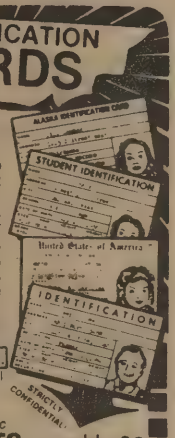

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I LOVE ROCK 'N ROLL

(As recorded by Joan Jett & The Blackhearts)

JAKE HOOKER
ALAN MERRILL

I saw him dancing there by the record machine
I knew he must have been about seventeen
The beat was going strong
Playing, my favorite song
And I could tell it wouldn't be long
Til he was with me yeah me
And I could tell it wouldn't be long
Til he was with me yeah me.

Singing I love rock 'n roll
So put another dime in the jukebox baby
I love rock 'n roll
So come and take your time and dance with me.

He smiled so I got up and asked for his name
That don't matter he said
'Cause it's all the same
Said can I take you home
Where we can be alone
And next we were moving on
He was with me yeah me
Next we were moving on
He was with me yeah me.

Singing I love rock 'n roll
So put another dime in the jukebox baby
I love rock 'n roll
So come and take your time and dance with me.

Said can I take you home
Where we can be alone
Next we were moving on
He was with me yeah me
And we'll be moving on
And singing that same old song yeah with me
Singing I love rock 'n roll
So put another dime in the jukebox baby
I love rock 'n roll
So come and take your time and dance with me
I love rock 'n roll
So put another dime in the jukebox baby
I love rock 'n roll.

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LET'S GET IT UP

(As recorded by AC/DC)

MALCOLM YOUNG
ANGUS YOUNG
BRIAN JOHNSON

Loose lips
Sink ships
So come aboard
For a pleasure trip
It's high tide
So let's ride
The moon is risin'
And so am I.

I'm gonna get it up
Never gonna let it up
Cruisin' on the seven seas
A pirate of my lovin' needs
I'll never go down
Never go down.

So let's get it up
Let's get it up
Get right up yeah
Let's get it up
Right to the top
Let's get it up
Right now.

Loose wires cause fires
Gettin' tangled in my desires
So screw 'em up and plug 'em in
Then switch it on and start all over again.

I'm gonna get it up
Never gonna let it up no
Tickin' like a time bomb ooh yeah
Blowin' out the fuse box
I'll never go down
Never go down.

So let's get it up
Let's get it up
Get it up oh oh
Let's get it up
Right to the top
Let's get it up
Right now.

Oh let's get it up
Come on
Let's get it up hey
Get, get it
Let's get it up
Switchin' it on
Start it up
Let's get it up.

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♥♥♥ When you want the full love, devotion, and affection of an adored one, see whether The VENUS LOVE GODDESS goes all the way for you. No holding back!

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DON'T LET HIM KNOW

(As recorded by Prism)

BRYAN ADAMS
JIM VALLANCE

Here we are waking up by the fire light
Now you're worried 'cause it's four a.m.
And I'm wonderin' what you're gonna say to him.

And as problems go
I'd say we got one year
Do you want to leave
Or do you want to get closer.

Think you might have stayed just a little too long oh yeah
Oh don't let him know
Don't show him what's in your eyes
Don't let him know.

Does he know about you breaking the rules
Does he listen to your lies
What's gonna happen when you run out of alibis.

Is it easy when you're walking out
Do you smile as you're leaving
If I were you I'd be wond'ring when he's gonna get even.

Think you might have stayed just a little too long oh yeah
Oh don't let him know
Don't show him what's in your heart
Don't let him know
Don't let him know.

Is it easy when you're walking out
Do you smile as you're leaving
If I were you I'd be wond'ring when he's gonna get even.

I think you might have stayed just a little too long oh yeah
Oh don't let him know
Don't show him what's in your eyes
Don't let him know
Don't show him what's in your heart
Don't let him know
Don't let him know.

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GENIUS OF LOVE

(As recorded by the Tom Tom Club)

TOM TOM CLUB

What you gonna do
When you get outta jail
I'm gonna have some fun
What do you consider fun
Fun, nat'ral fun.

I'm in heaven
With my boyfriend, my laughing boyfriend
There's no beginning and there is no end
Time isn't present in that dimension
He'll take my arm
When we're walking
Rolling and rocking
It's one time I'm glad I'm not a man
Feels like I'm dreaming but I'm not sleeping.

I'm in heaven
With the maven of funk mutation
Clinton's musicians such as Bootsy Collins
Raise expectations to a new intention
No one can sing
Quite like Smokey, Smokey Robinson
Wailin' an' skankin' to Bob Marley
Reggae's expanding with Sly an' Robbie.
Oops yo mama said uh

Oops yo mama said uh
Oops yo mama said uh
Oops yo mama.
All that weekend
Boyfriend was missing
I sure am missing
Having him hold me in his warm arms
We were insane when we took cocaine,
Steppin' in a rhythm to a-Kurtis Blow
Who needs to think when your feet just go
With a hippity hop an' a hippity low
Who needs to think
When your feet just go
Bohannon, Bohannon, Bohannon, Bohannon
Who needs to think
When your feet just go
Bohannon, Bohannon, Bohannon, Bohannon
James Brown, James Brown
James Brown, James Brown.
If you see him
Please remind him
Unhappy boyfriend
Well he's the genius of love
He's got a greater depth of feeling
Well he's the genius of love
He's so deep.

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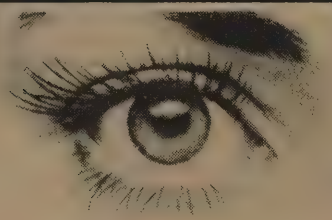

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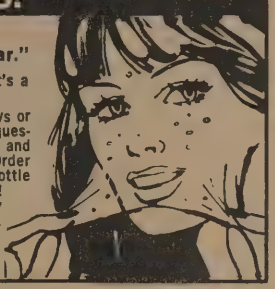

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Just brush on, nails look better immediately! Polish or not. (VITA-NAIL works over your polish, too!) Then you can type, play the piano, garden, anything. VITA-NAIL is **thoroughly** penetrating, protecting, and strengthening your nails! **Helps damaged nails like nothing else can!** Works fast. Order 60 day supply of VITA-NAIL only $5.95 plus $1. p&h. SAVE $2.50! Order 120 day supply only $9.95 plus $1.50 p&h. NY res. add sales tax. VITA-NAIL is guaranteed or your money back!

PERSONAL PRODUCTS CORP., 535 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017, Dept. NR

THICKER, STRONGER, LONGER HAIR-

For the MAN in your life, too!

IN JUST 5 TO 7 DAYS!

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For lustrous and manageable hair, let this 100% Protein and Vitamin B (panthenol) go to work for you. Order LONG 'n NATURAL. Two months generous supply—4 oz. bottle only $5.95 plus $1 post. & hdlg. SAVE $2.50!—8 oz. bottle only $9.95 plus $1.50 post. & hdlg. NY res. add sales tax. Satisfaction guaranteed or purchase price back. Order today.

PERSONAL PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. HR
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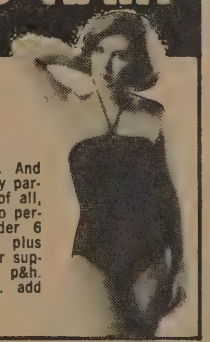
New 10 Second Miracle **NOW! AVAILABLE FOR HOME USE.**

REMOVES UNWANTED HAIR

SAFELY, QUICKLY, COMPLETELY



One of The Most Important Beauty Discoveries of the year.
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HAIR-OFF ends your unsightly hair problems forever! It quickly strips unwanted hair from your face, arms, legs. Bikini line, underarms, everywhere, and leaves your skin softer, smoother, lovelier and stubble free for up to 12 weeks at a time! And it only takes seconds to do!

Now you rid yourself of unattractive hair, quickly, easily, inexpensively in the privacy of your own home. And avoid the cost of expensive beauty parlor removal treatment. And best of all, it takes no skill or practice to do perfectly the very first time. Order 6 months supply **HAIR-OFF** $5.95 plus $1.00 p&h. SAVE $3. Order 1 year supply **HAIR-OFF** $9.95 plus $1.00 p&h. Money back guarantee. NY res. add sales tax.

PERSONAL PRODUCTS CORP., 535 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017, Dept. ER

IN MINUTES WRINKLES FADE AWAY
FROM FACE, NECK AND THROAT

Look Younger, Feel Younger

Feel and look 10 to 15 years younger with this

AMAZING CREAM-ON TEMPORARY FACE LIFT

Young Again lotion—from a world-famous cosmetic company—wipes years off your face. One finger and a tiny drop creates sheer magic, wiping away lines and wrinkles INSTANTLY, giving you a smooth, satiny skin. Young Again is not greasy. Perfectly safe, mild and reliable. Apply in the privacy of your own mirror. Wear your own makeup right over Young Again. No need to hide your face with makeup. Performs wonders on women of all ages — and lasts up to 8 hours. Works well on men too!

Order Young Again, 30 day supply $6.95 plus $1 p&h. SAVE $2.50!—60 day supply $11.95 plus $1.50 p&h. NY res. add sales tax. Guaranteed or purchase price back.

This is how I looked minutes ago.
This is how I look now —after applying Young Again.

Absolutely unretouched photos!

PERSONAL PRODUCTS CORP. 535 Fifth Ave. NY 10017, Dept. YR

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FOR SONGS & RECORDS

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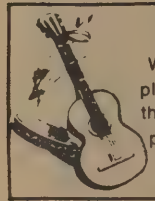

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Hold your speed under 50.

IT WAS I

(As recorded by Lindsey Buckingham)

GARY PAXTON

You're tellin' everybody I'm the one to blame
For all the wrong that you have done
The day that you walked out and left
Didn't say goodbye
Who was home alone to sit and cry
It was I
It was I.
I gave you all the love I ever had
The only things I got from you were bad
The times you didn't show up
The times you didn't call
Who was left alone thru it all
It was I
It was I.
My love was always yours
To treasure and to hold
When you let a love go
By then it will soon grow cold
Temptation is too strong to hide
Are you really satisfied
With my love the way it is
Let me tell you how it is
Please come back and try to start anew
I know that it's the proper thing to do
Darling if we make up
I know we'll never break up
When I know it's only me and you, me and you.

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STATE OF THE HEART

(As recorded by Mondo Rock)

ERIC McCUSKER

I know your name
I've told you mine
We've stopped and passed the time of day
You work in town
I work at night
That gives us six until seven to work this out.

If I seem a little strange
It's just the state of the heart
I'm waiting here for you
In the state I'm in.

You are the moon
I am the sea
You pull me in
And gaze on down at me
I was alone
I thought I was immune
It's good to know the door
Can still be open wide.

If I seem a little strange
It's just the state of the heart
I'm waiting here for you
In the state I'm in
Oh yeah if I seem confused
It's just the state of the heart
I wait in the dark
In the state I'm in.

It's the state of the heart
The state of the heart
Oh oo it's the state of the heart oh oo.

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DADDY'S HOME

(As recorded by Cliff Richard)

JAMES SHEPPARD
WILLIAM MILLER

You're my love, you're my angel
You're the girl of my dreams
I'd like to thank you for waiting patiently
Daddy's home, daddy's home to stay.

How I waited for this moment to be by your side
Your best friend's around and told me you had teardrops in your eyes
Daddy's home, daddy's home to stay.
It wasn't on a Sunday
Monday and Tuesday went by
It wasn't on a Tuesday afternoon
All I could do was cry
But I made a promise that you treasure
I made it back all to you
How I waited for this moment to be by your side
Your best friend's around and told me you had teardrops in your eyes
Daddy's home, daddy's home to stay.

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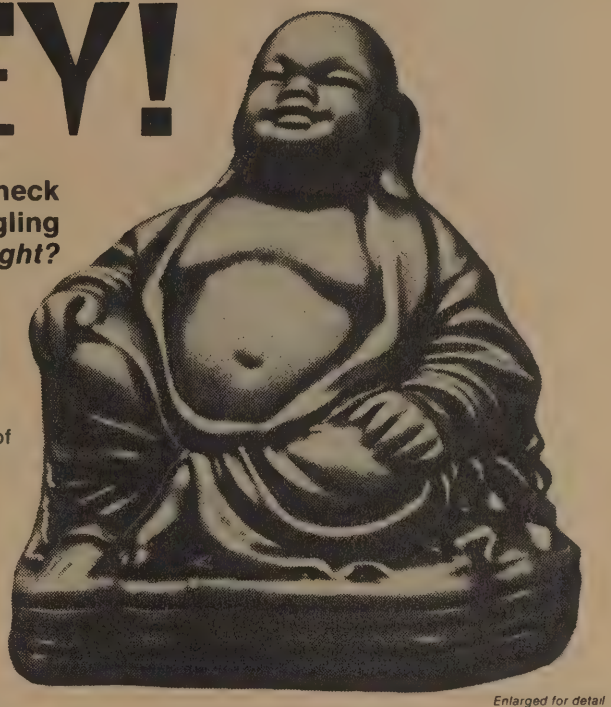
NOW — Just when you need a REAL Money Miracle . . .

RUB THE BUDDHA FOR MONEY!

Do you need money desperately? Are you up to your neck in overdue bills and worrisome debt? Are you struggling along just trying to make ends meet — *with no light in sight?*



Enlarged for detail

'hen, here's the good news you've been ›ing and praying for all your life!

low, for the very first time, you can pos-ıs the long-renowned BUDDHA . . . ac-imed by many for its magic powers of 'acting GREAT wealth and unbelievable ıes to *anyone* who gently rubs his belly!

lut before I go on, let me ask you this:

low much money do you REALLY want? ·100.00, $1,000.00, even $10,000.00 or re?

)on't be shy. Just name the amount, ANY ount. Then join me in a unique Research)eriment to find out if the BUDDHA legend eally true.

ınd listen to this: To make this offer so)elievably attractive that you'll clip and mail coupon *Right Now,* I'm going to gamble own money on you, a perfect stranger.

'hat's right! You MUST agree that the legend ıbsolutely true — that The BUDDHA actual-'rings you money by rubbing his belly — or *pay you* for your time and trouble ARANTEED!

lut first, let me assure you of this. I know ıctly what I'm doing. I wouldn't *dare* make :h an offer if I thought for one minute that I uld lose! So for your own sake, simply mail coupon to receive your very own BUDDHA l the Research Experiment Forms.

)o you want lots of money NOW? Then rting *immediately,* and continuing for as g as you rub The BUDDHA, you'll have this ısational opportunity to possibly rub away ır financial problems forever. Imagine the :itement and thrill of turning your cash ıation RIGHT AROUND merely by rubbing) BUDDHA's belly as part of the Experiment.

- $$ When you want to pay off debts, simply rub The BUDDHA.
- $$ When you want to buy a house, simply rub The BUDDHA.
- $$ When you want to go on a long-overdue vacation, simply rub The BUDDHA.
- $$ When you want to buy a new car, TV, boat, or whatever you wish, simply rub The BUDDHA!

FREE BONUS GIFT!

THE $1,000.00 SECRET

YOURS FOR ACTING NOW!

Mail the coupon *at once* and I'll include ıis EXTRA exclusive gift with your order.

This amazing secret could change your le *instantly* and bring you new thrilling uccess and happiness.

Your personal copy to keep permanently FREE. Clip and mail coupon *today!*

LET ME KNOW EVERY TIME THE BUDDHA BRINGS MONEY!

Whenever The BUDDHA miraculously puts fist-loads of cash right in your pocket . . . whenever you enjoy the glorious thrill of paying off a nagging bill collector . . . whenever you joyfully catch up on your monthly payments . . . just report the actual MONEY MIRACLE.

Even if you are skeptical, you have absolutely nothing in the world to lose. Not even a penny of your hard-earned money. Because from the very moment you receive The BUDDHA, you must receive a fantastic *moneyblessing,* or I'll pay you for your time and trouble. GUARANTEED!

And here is the best part of all! It doesn't matter who you are, where you live, how much you need! You MUST agree that the BUDDHA legend is true RIGHT AWAY, or I'll return your money PLUS pay you for participating in this unusual Research Experiment.

SEND FOR YOUR BUDDHA AT ONCE WITHOUT RISK!

Right now, this very second, mail the coupon for your very own BUDDHA. For total 100% confidentiality, your BUDDHA will be rushed back to you in a private unmarked package — in YOUR name *only.* No one will be allowed to use it, except you. Then merely take The BUDDHA into your right hand and gently rub his magic belly. It's that simple!

DOUBLE MONEY-BACK! 100% GUARANTEED!

I can't imagine anyone passing up this unique chance to join the Research Experiment and use the legendary BUDDHA every single day. So the only thing holding you back is taking a risk. I'm going to eliminate that completely!

To prove to you that I mean every word I've said — I'll give you this fantastic DOUBLE MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE: The BUDDHA *must* work a money miracle for you within 14 days, or I'll return ALL your money PLUS ANOTHER $7.00 for your time and trouble. That's right! You'll receive DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK with no strings attached!

If you've never thought of clipping a coupon before, do it NOW. It may be the answer to ALL your money problems.

ORDER RIGHT NOW FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY!

1.) Print your name and address on the coupon below.

2.) Attach your cash, check or money order payable to The BUDDHA for just $7.00 complete. (Price includes postage and handling!)

3.) Mail to: The BUDDHA, 49 West 37th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

MAIL COUPON WITH $7.00

The BUDDHA
49 West 37th St., Dept. A–179
New York, N.Y. 10018

I WANT TO
RUB THE BUDDHA FOR MONEY!

Here's just $7.00. Rush me The BUDDHA and the Research Experiment Forms in a private unmarked package. Money-back in 14 days if not absolutely thrilled with results PLUS ANOTHER $7.00. That's DOUBLE my money-back GUARANTEED!

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Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **ZIP** _____

☐ **Rush me TWO orders! Here is $13 for both. Same guarantee!**

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(Opera Star) BORN TO ROCK

(As recorded by Neil Young)

NEIL YOUNG

So your girlfriend slammed the door
shut in your face tonight
But that's all right
Then she took off to the op'ra with
some highbrow from the city lights
Well you grew up on a corner
You never missed a moonlit night
Some things never change
They stay the way they are
Ho ho ho ho ho ho
Ho ho ho ho ho ho
You were born to rock
You'll never be an op'ra star
You were born to rock
You'll never be an op'ra star
Ho ho ho ho ho ho
Ho ho ho ho ho ho.

So you stay out all night gettin'... up
in that rock and roll bar
And you never get tired 'cause your
drugs are in a little jar
You were born to rock
And you'll, you'll never be an op'ra
star
Some things never change
They stay the way they are
Ho ho ho ho ho ho
Ho ho ho ho ho ho
I was born to rock.

Ho ho ho ho ho ho
Ho ho ho ho ho ho.

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IF LOOKS COULD KILL

(As recorded by Player)

DENNIS LAMBERT
PETER BECKETT

One look and I knew it was her
Even from across the street
It took forever for the light to change
In that New York heat
I didn't want to lose her
So I reached out from behind
I wasn't ready for the thunder
Or the fire in her eyes.

If looks could kill
I wouldn't have a breath left in me
Was she so scared of all those
mem'ries
Or did I take her by surprise
Cause if looks could kill
My heart would surely have stopped
beating
Didn't expect that kind of greeting
Couldn't find one good reason why.

I thought we buried the bitterness
I thought the air was clear
But there was a chill over
Christopher Street
For that time of year.

Was she tryin' to free herself
From any old thoughts of me
Cause as we stood there face to face
It was plain enough to see.
(Repeat chorus)

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SPIRITS IN THE MATERIAL WORLD

(As recorded by The Police)

STING

There is no political solution
To our troubled evolution
Have no faith in constitution
There is no bloody revolution.

We are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world.

Our so-called leaders speak
With words they try to jail you
They subjugate the meek
But it's the rhetoric of failure.

We are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world.

Where does the answer lie
Living from day to day
If it's something we can't buy
There must be another way.

We are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world.

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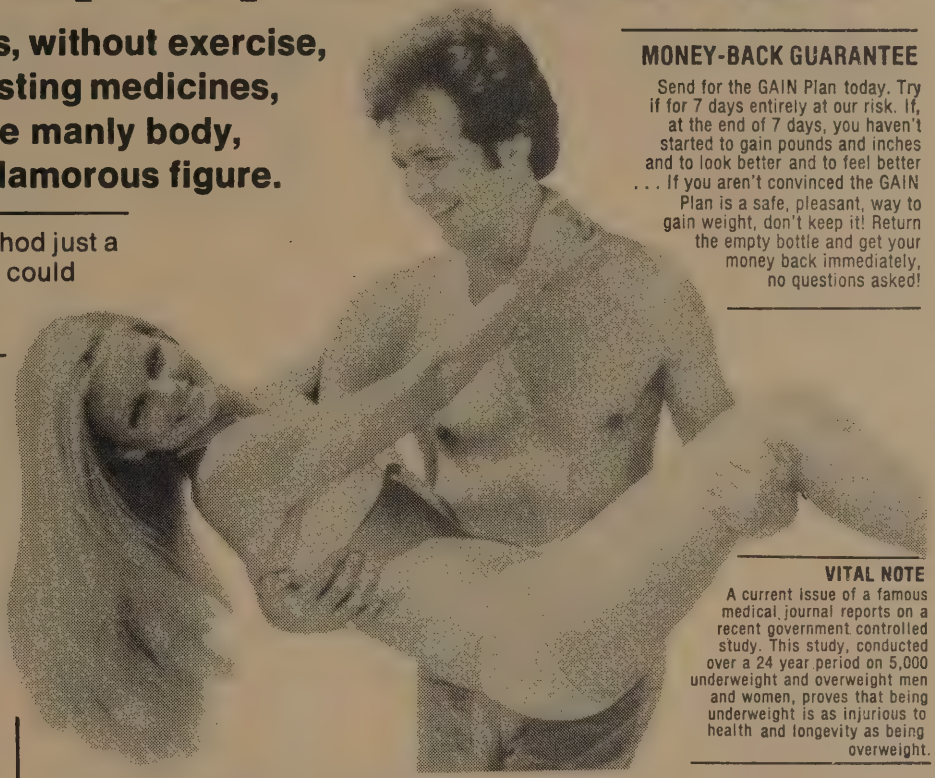
Now, Even If You Have Been Thin For Years, You Can

GAIN UP TO 5, 10, 15 POUNDS

without dangerous drugs, without exercise, without unpleasant tasting medicines, MEN—an impressive manly body, WOMEN—a curvier, glamorous figure.



If you had started this amazing method just a few short weeks ago, right now you could be up to 5, 10, even 15 pounds heavier or more!

At last, no matter what you have tried, no matter what you have done, if you are a normally healthy person, you can gain up to 5, 10, 15 pounds or more safely, surely, pleasantly, and that's a guaranteed money-back fact.

Yes now, even if you have been thin for years, you can have the fuller, more attractive body you have always wanted without dangerous drugs, without heart-straining exercise, without unpleasant tasting medicines!

This exciting method is easy, pleasant, and medically sound beyond a shadow of a doubt, and your own Doctor could tell you the same thing.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

Before meals, or whenever you feel like it, you take delicious, chewable, nutritionally fortified GAIN tablets and that's it! No other medication to take. Nothing difficult or unpleasant to do, and without even being aware of it, a wonderfully exciting change takes place.

Those high-calorie GAIN tablets are rich in body-building materials! They not only add weight themselves, but they sharpen your appetite! You look forward to mealtimes, and without even realizing it, you start to eat more and almost immediately the weight gaining process begins!

As you follow your GAIN Plan which includes nutritional high calorie menus. You add pounds and inches to your arms, legs, chest, hips, everywhere. You'll be amazed at the fantastic transformation that occurs . . . as thin, unattractive areas start to develop into new magnetic appeal. You'll be thrilled to discover that as you gain weight you will have more pep and energy for all the wonderful things in life!

SKINNY MEN AND WOMEN ARE NOT ATTRACTIVE

. . . a skinny, scrawny body is no asset in social or business life. Give the GAIN Plan a chance to help build you up and put firm flesh on you.

THINK OF WHAT THIS CAN MEAN TO YOU

If you are one of those unfortunate people who can't wear all the new high style clothes you want to wear . . . if you are ashamed of the way you look in a bathing suit . . . embarrassed because your legs are too thin and spindly . . . your chest is too flat . . . your arms aren't the full, rounded limbs they were meant to be . . . If you long for a more attractive-looking body, the safe, pleasant GAIN Plan can be the answer to your prayers!

Yes, now, with the GAIN Plan to help, it's so easy, so pleasant to add pounds and inches of firm, attractive flesh . . . so fulfilling to feel better, stronger, more vital and alive! But don't take our word for it. Prove it to yourself at our risk!

If you sincerely want to gain weight, and to look better and feel better as a result,

HERE IS OUR OFFER . . .

We honestly believe the GAIN Plan to be the finest and most effective product of its type sold anywhere in the world today, and to prove our confidence, we are backing that statement up with this honest, straightforward offer . . .

Try the fabulous new GAIN Plan in your own home at our risk. Subject it to any test you like. Weigh yourself before you start. Weigh yourself later. If you haven't started to see substantial weight gain within 7 days, and if you don't feel better and look better as a result, or, if you are not completely satisfied for any reason, PAY NOTHING! It's just as simple as that.

If you are in doubt . . . even if you think nothing can possibly help you, for the sake of your appearance, and your happiness, at least try it! If the GAIN Plan works the way we know it will, you'll agree it is worth the few dollars it cost.

On the other hand, if it doesn't work the way you expected, it costs you nothing, and a least you have had the satisfaction of trying it at our expense.

What could be fairer than that? The next move is up to you. Once and for all, determine to do something about your underweight! We know you'll be happy you did.

GAIN IS SAFE

GAIN is not a dangerous drug, medicine or a fishy-tasting oil. It is made of safe, pure ingredients, contains nothing which could possibly harm you, and may even be taken with complete safety by children.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Send for the GAIN Plan today. Try if for 7 days entirely at our risk. If, at the end of 7 days, you haven't started to gain pounds and inches and to look better and to feel better . . . If you aren't convinced the GAIN Plan is a safe, pleasant, way to gain weight, don't keep it! Return the empty bottle and get your money back immediately, no questions asked!

VITAL NOTE

A current issue of a famous medical journal reports on a recent government controlled study. This study, conducted over a 24 year period on 5,000 underweight and overweight men and women, proves that being underweight is as injurious to health and longevity as being overweight.

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

GAIN PRODUCTS CORP. Dept. G 468
Box 2346, Carbondale, Ill. 62901

Please send my package of GAIN Plan immediately with the understanding that if I am not satisfied, I may have my money back, no questions asked.

- ☐ One GAIN PLAN for $9.98
- ☐ SAVE $2.00! Order 2 for $17.96
- ☐ SAVE $5.00! Order 3 for $25.00

Enclosed is $_____

☐ cash, ☐ check or ☐ money order

NAME _____

please print

ADDRESS _____

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STATE _____ ZIP _____

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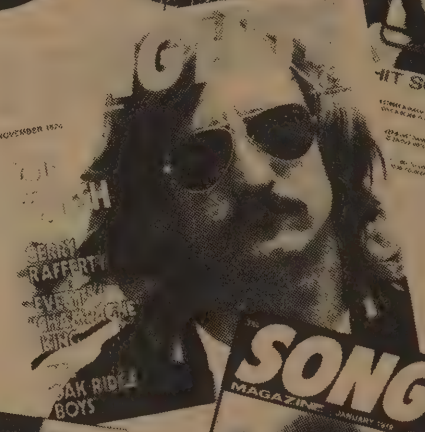
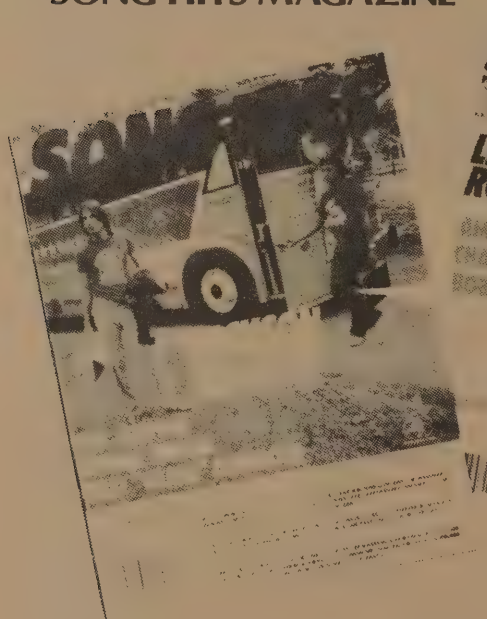
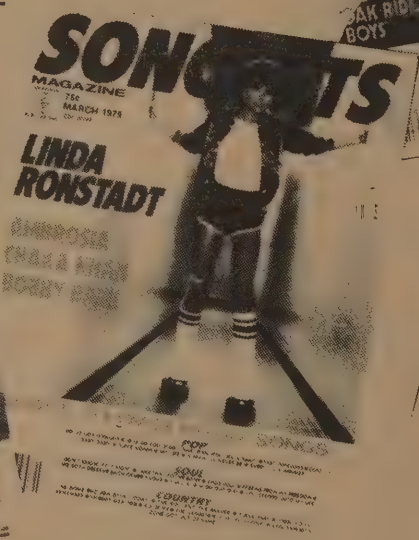
SONG HITS

THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO KNOW THE WORDS TO A SONG:

EITHER WRITE IT... OR SUBSCRIBE TO SONG HITS MAGAZINE







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PAT BENATAR

TORRID ZONE

Damsel In Distress Finds Fame Hard To Handle.

by Liz Derringer

Pat Benatar's rise to rock-and-roll fame has been well documented. The operatic-trained dynamo has been featured in no less than 26 cover stories, and she has highlighted a segment on ABC-TV's prestigious **20/20** newsmagazine show. But, what many people don't know about the multi-platinumed (**In The Heat Of The Night, Crime Of Passion, Precious Time**) chart-topper is that her spandexed tough-girl persona is strictly for the stage.

Hit Parader talked with Benatar recently and found out just how much trouble that image has given her.

Hit Parader: As you sit before me, I don't see you as the tough girl portrayed on stage?
Pat Benatar: I get so angry because that's not all there is to me. That's part of it; everyone has different characteristics; that's one of mine. I really like it. It's my fantasy, and it's fun for me to do. But it's like going to a psychiatrist. I get to live out my fantasies for a few months of the year, and then I go home and act normal. I don't have to go through the problems of "Am I a pretty girl?" at home.
HP: I heard that you didn't originally dress in the tight clothes that have since become your trademark?
PB: It began as a Halloween joke, dressing in tights and boots. I was dressing up as this creature, and I went on stage and sang. What happened because of that clothing is that my attitude changed. That attitude went over so well that I said, "There must be something to it." So I tried it again. I was really timid about doing it, but I kept on

Pat Benatar: "I didn't know that if I put my leg on the monitor people would lose their minds."

All photos by Lynn Goldsmith

so I could get the attitude without the clothes. The clothes and the make-up are a release for me. They put the other character out on stage because the one sitting with you now is so different. This girl cannot get up and rock. She gets up on stage and does a soundcheck in sneakers, and the voice comes out — it's the same voice — but this girl is not rocking. As soon as I put the outfit on, I get the attitude. I even stand different.

HP: Did you realize the kind of effect you were having?
PB: I didn't have any idea. I didn't know I was being so overtly sexual until I saw myself on video tape. Then I got paranoid because that's not what I had intended. I only dressed that way to get the feeling of power. It's the aggression I needed to feel, not that sexual feeling. I didn't know that if I put my leg on the monitor people would lose their minds. So that's what it was.

When people started to exploit it, I got really upset because it was never my intention to be real obvious. It's okay to be sexual, sensual or whatever you want to be, but I think you should have class. I was portrayed as someone that's not classy. That's why I stopped taking those kind of pictures last year.

I want more dimension. I'm not a one dimensional person. I'm sure people thought they were doing the right thing, but they were displaying me as this cold-hearted bitch. Anyone who has seen me on stage knows that I'm more than one dimensional. I'm just trying to tone it down, but I don't want to totally lose my sexuality because that's very much what I do. But, that's not the only thing I do.
HP: Are you trying to counteract that tough image on stage?
PB: I'm much better being aggressive and tough on stage, than I am being soft. I'm trying to soften more and more because it would be better if I could expand every way musically. When I wrote *Promises in the Dark*, I started it off as a ballad to ease into doing them. I don't do ballads on stage. Even if it's on the record I don't do it live because it's very difficult for me. That takes opening up too much. I want to learn how to do it, but it's taking time. Now that I'm secure up there, I could do it.
HP: How have you dealt with your rapid rise to success?
PB: If it happens slowly it's easier. Even though it took a long time to get to that point, once we got started it took off with blinding speed. There was no time to grow into situations we were constantly confronted with. All of a sudden we had *Heartbreaker* go up the chart and we weren't ready. But we did the next record. It came in and jumped 80 places on the chart. We weren't ready for that. Then when the record went to number two, we certainly weren't ready for that. The third album came and went to number one — we just were not ready. Our band spends most of the time running behind what's happened to us, running to catch up. From now on it can only be easier, because where else can we go. It's got to be easier; what else is there to prepare for?

HP: What's the most important thing that has changed in your life?
PB: Losing my anonymity was the biggest change. Being recognized, having people come to my house and try to steal things from my front yard, that kind of thing. I had a gate put on my house because of these things.

I was just telling someone that when we first wrote *Precious Time*, it was just a narrative. I was singing about someone else. Now that the song has to do with my life, it's such a strange thing. I try not to think about it because it depresses me that now I might be a prisoner in my own house. And it's only because I'm a woman that I don't want to be touched. There's a rape factor involved. I have bodyguards, but I hate that because I can never be alone.

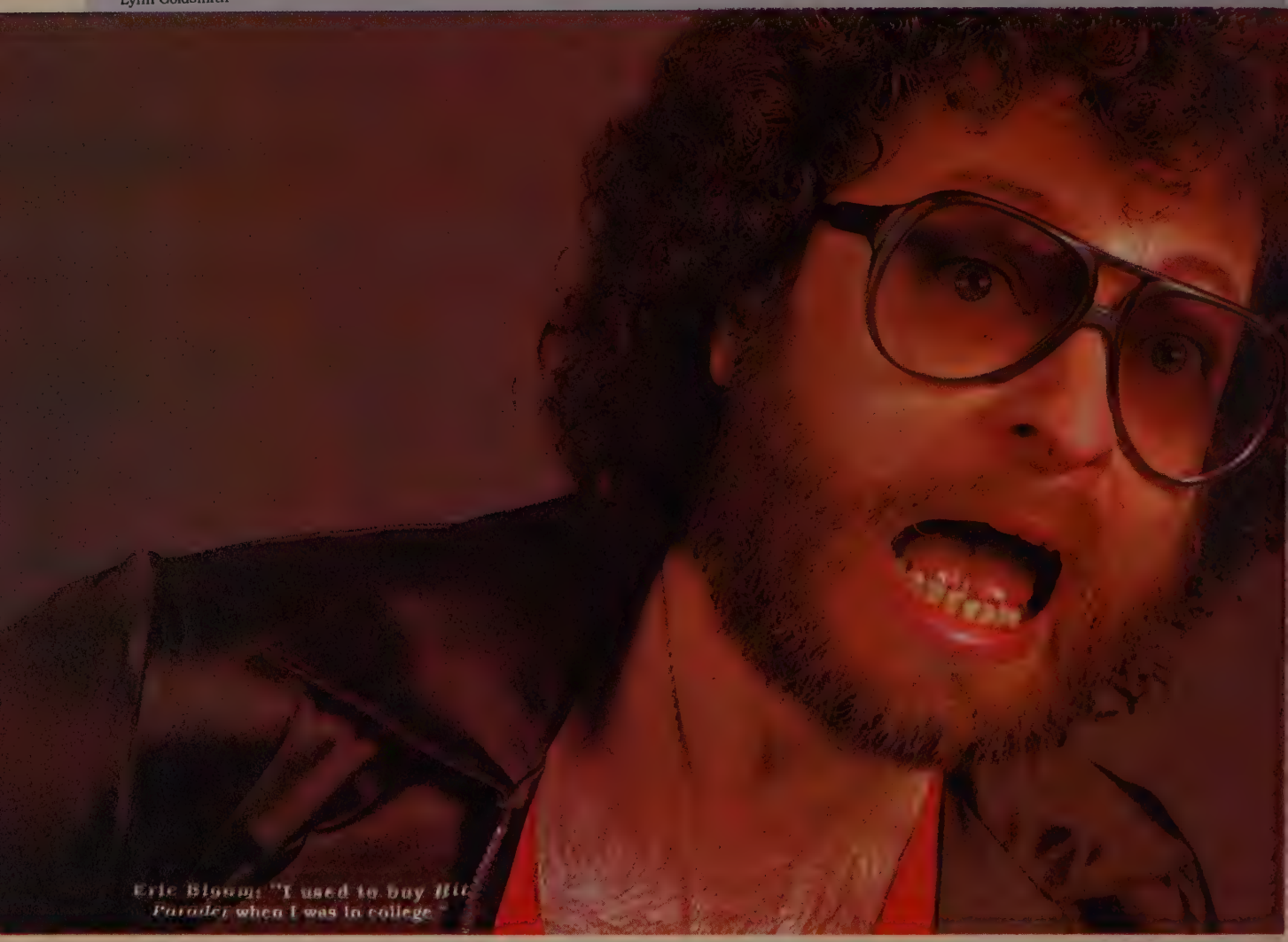
If nobody bothered me on the street, I would be very happy. The first time that happened was at a supermarket near where I live in California. I pulled up in my car with tinted windows. The store was by a high school and the kids were getting out of school, but whoever would have thought that they could see in my car window. I had sunglasses on and wasn't wearing make-up either. When I went into the store there were 40 kids inside already. I started to get nauseous and nervous. I asked one of the kids, "How could you possibly know it was me?" He answered, "Your lips. I'd know your lips anywhere." I knew this was over the edge, but what was I going to do?

You can't worry about those things *too* much. At first I felt like hiding from the world, but now if anyone comes up to me on the street I'm going to say, "This is what I do." I can't hide. I have to have some kind of life.□

Recently married to Neil Geraldo, her guitarist, Benatar says: "I get to live out my fantasies for a few months of the year, and then I go home and act normal."

BLUE OYSTER CULT

Lynn Goldsmith



Eric Bloom: "I used to buy *Hit Parader* when I was in college."

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE

Hard Rock With The Taste That Satisfies.

by Toby Goldstein

Blue Oyster Cult's lead vocalist, Eric Bloom, is reminiscing into his much too distant past.

"I used to buy **Hit Parader** when I was in college," he muses. "I remember buying it to get the words to *Omaha* by Moby Grape, 'cause who knew what the hell they were saying. At that time, I was at school in upstate New York. There was one store in town that sold **Billboard,** and I would watch to see who was on the charts; it was very important to me."

Fifteen years after Bloom's "summer of love" era recollections, Eric watches the charts to see how rapidly the latest Blue Oyster Cult album or single is moving through the Top 100. The Cult has occasionally enjoyed monster single hits, particularly the melodic *Burnin' For You* last year and *Don't Fear the Reaper* in 1976, but every one of its 10 albums has sold respectably enough to give B.O.C. the freedom to perpetuate its distinctive fire-and-brimstone brand of rock and roll.

"We've carved our place in the music business and it's etched in granite," says Bloom, presenting a considerably less ferocious image than the one he's known for onstage. But the distance between the Cult's hits and its heavy-duty stage demeanor has also created a dilemma for the band.

"If we do more accessible songs, somebody's gonna say, 'Oh, they sold out, they're turning into Journey,' but meanwhile Journey is number two with a bullet and we do have to live our lives.

"We're a pretty democratic band, always have been. It's been a strength and a hindrance in certain cases. For instance, during

our history, the only person who's managed to write any hits has been Donald ('Buck Dharma' Roeser). He wrote *Godzilla*, he wrote *The Reaper*, he wrote the music of *Burnin' For You* (Richard Meltzer wrote the lyrics). He really has a handle on writing that kind of song.

"We usually have a meeting before we go in to record, to listen to everyone's personal material and see whether it's viable for the next Cult record or not. And before we made **Fire of Unknown Origin,** Donald had some stuff that I thought was just terrific, but some of the other members of the democracy did not think it was 'Cult material.' Even as we speak, Donald is doing a solo record.

"It's America — they can act like jerks if they want."

"At this time of my life, I don't have to salute the logo anymore. We can do any kind of songs we want, and if that represents the personality of certain band members, then so be it. I was outvoted, and therefore, these very accessible songs will be on Donald's record, and I'm sure it'll be very successful. They would have meant one or two more hits on our last album, but were not really hard rock songs."

For over a decade, audiences have come to see the Cult perform in order to enjoy a safe taste of danger and be menaced at a distance. Outsiders, who aren't aware of the Cult's deliberate overload of Gothic touches, drive the band crazy with accusations. Certain purveyors of the new morality have burned Cult albums in public bonfires.

"I don't care as long as they buy 'em first," wisecracks Bloom. "It's America — they can act like jerks if they want."

What bothers him a lot more are the occasional fools who come up to him and say things like, "I hear you blinded some guy with your laser."

The Cult's followers can't be called calm and collected by any means, but Bloom is very hard-nosed about the band's concerts remaining exuberantly peaceful events. "Our show is very animated, very visual. It's made to get kids off. If they sat on their hands, we'd really feel we hadn't performed our duty.

"There's been a lot of press about violence at shows — at most of our concerts the kids are a little bit nuts — but they've never really been out of control. Maybe one jerk will throw firecrackers, and we will not continue the show if that keeps up. If it does happen again, I'll tell them, 'If you know who did that, just knock him out,' and that'll be the end of it. Nobody will raise their hand to throw *anything* 'cause they don't wanna die!"

At a time when even the biggest-selling artists are having trouble filling arenas, when fewer acts are being booked and some claim the potential live audience for rock is shrinking, Blue Oyster Cult remains solidly dedicated to its lengthy yearly tours. In 1981, the band was on the road for almost four months. Bloom says they'll probably start again by summer, with the next studio album scheduled for release either just before or immediately following those dates.

Roeser's album is expected to be available then as well, with a strong possibility of incorporating some of his solo material into the Cult show. Until the band does get back on tour, Blue Oyster Cult is helping to satisfy its fans' appetite for the event with its third live album, **Cult in the Act.**

"We are a live group and our expertise is onstage. A lot of people have said to me, 'Your studio records are good, but hey, when you hit the stage, all hell breaks loose.' We're trying to get that live performance right onto the vinyl.

"You're hearing us play in 1980 and '81, and the recording techniques for live albums are much better now, so the fidelity of this record is highly improved. That's number one, that it actually sounds better.

"What's also unique is that at least half of this record includes material that no one has heard us play live before, on disc. There's some older material that's never been on a live record — songs like *Dominance and Submission*, songs from **Cultosaurus** like *Black Blade*. It's also got *Roadhouse Blues*, which has been our encore for the last two or three years, with Robbie Krieger playing lead guitar. He came out and jammed with us when we recorded it in Los Angeles, so that makes it a pretty legitimate version. I think that's gonna get a lot of airplay.

"Plus, there's a lot of people who've realized who we are just since *Burnin' For You*. There was one whole group of people who never heard of us before *The Reaper*, and that was our sixth album. Now on number 10 we had another hit. Some people might think *that* was our first record!"

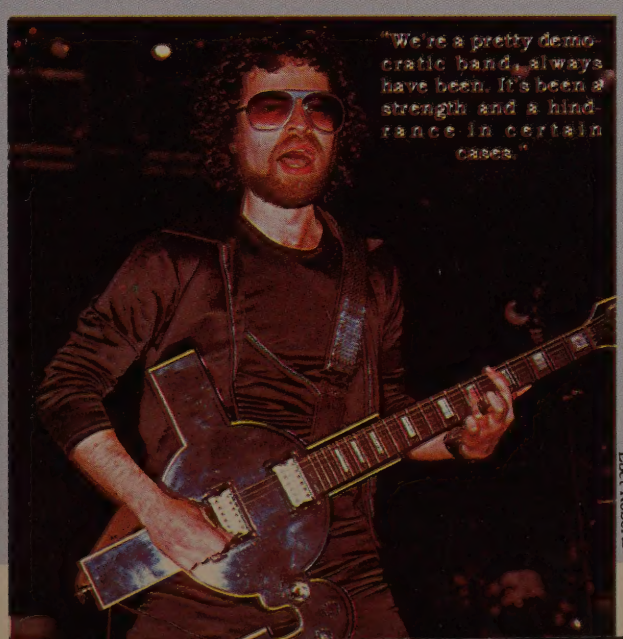
The past year has been an extremely active one for Bloom and the group. Eric himself hosts a weekly rock show on WLIR-FM, Long Island, N.Y., whenever he's home, and is involved with a science-fiction-related screenplay. Meanwhile, in the only personnel shift since the Cult was formed, drummer Albert Bouchard was fired.

Says Bloom, "It's probably the best thing that ever happened to Albert, 'cause he's doing a solo album right now. He would never have had the time to do it if he was still in the group.

"Our new drummer is Rick Downey, who has worked on our crew for the last seven years. He started off as a drum roadie when he was about 19 years old, and worked his way up through the ranks until he was our road manager, lighting designer and crew chief. He's been part of us for a very long time, and knows all the material inside out.

"Albert did not appear one night when we were on tour in Europe, and Downey sat in. He knew the entire show right off the top of his head, without any practice or rehearsal. Actually, there have been several instances where certain members of the group could not show up, for sickness or family problems. It happens to every group. I don't want to get into who can be replaced and who can't, but someone in our crew who knows the songs has substituted for the ailing member on that one night. I can't ever recall that we've actually missed a show."

The new lineup includes Bloom (vocals, guitar), Roeser (lead guitar), Downey (drums), Joe Bouchard (bass) and Allen Lanier (keyboards, vocals). True to the inner-circle implications of its name, the cult takes care of its own.□



Ebet Roberts

Caught IN THE Act

Gary Gershoff

Peter Wolf's limitless energy propelled The J. Geils Band during their two-hour show.

J. GEILS BAND
by Bob Grossweiner

With their first number one single, *Centerfold*, and number one album, **Freeze-Frame,** the J. Geils Band roared into Madison Square Garden for the first time as a headliner since 1973. The group has had its ups and downs over the years, but Peter Wolf and Company have always excelled with their high-energy mix of rock and blues in concert.

Employing an elongated cross-shaped stage set that jutted out into the packed house, Wolf displayed limber moves that could make Mick Jagger envious. He bounced about all night like a jumping jack at the stage's apex, and successfully enticed young girls to flock forward and boogie with him.

Although Wolf is not as distinctive a vocalist as Jagger, his limitless energy propelled the two-hour concert. Meanwhile, Magic Dick's scorching harp licks were a rare treat in a contemporary rock group; J. Geils (who celebrated his birthday that evening) offered biting blues-rock guitar lines; Seth Justman masterfully maneuvered between piano, organ and synthesizer; and bassist Danny Klein and drummer Stephen Bladd provided a solid, unrelenting bottom. Without a personnel change in their 15 years, the Geils Band worked like a well-oiled machine.

From such early gems as *Whammer Jammer*, *Detroit Breakdown*, and *Looking For A Love* to such crowd pleasers as *Love Stinks* and *Sanctuary* on through to their recent hits *Centerfold* and *Freeze-Frame*, the Geils Band and the SRO audience had a house party all night long. It's no wonder that the Stones offered them carte blanche as opening act on their stateside tour. And what other sextet performs a human pyramid during the encore?

JOAN ARMATRADING
by Jim Feldman

Joan Armatrading's seven albums of vibrant interpretations of personal relationships, highlighting individual strengths and vulnerabilities, have firmly established her among the most credible singer-songwriters around today. Her various producers, however, have been unable to provide musical settings compatible with the lyrical intimacy and melodic angularity of her songs. However, in concert, Armatrading spectacularly integrates folk and reggae influences with a rock aggressiveness that underlines, without distracting from her gleeful self-confidence.

In concert, Joan Armatrading displays gleeful, infectious self confidence.

Lynn Goldsmith

Wearing the broadest smile this side of the Cheshire Cat, Armatrading delivered a 20-song set that included most of her best-loved material, including *Me Myself I*, *Back to the Night*, the sublime *Love and Affection*, and the gut-baring *Down to Zero*.

Armatrading played both electric and acoustic guitar, but was most joyously affecting when bouncing around the stage with abandon, free from instrumental limitations. Her five-man band, lit by nifty, simple light boxes, offered exuberant accompaniment on both the hard-rocking tunes and the lilting slower numbers.

The rhythmically shifting *Cool Blue Stole My Heart* was a dazzling show-stopper, as Armatrading and the band effortlessly pinpointed various emotional nuances of the song. But, as always, the emotional peak came with the final encore, *Willow*. Without a word, Armatrading held the microphone in front of her, and as one, the audience rose and sang along on numerous choruses. The song's gentle strength was made palpable, and the moment was, well, transcendent.□

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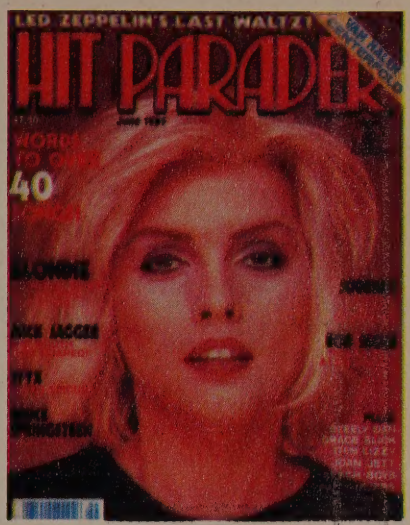

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Genesis — Best & Brightest
Rolling Stones Exclusive Interview — More Than Meets The Eye
AC/DC's Angus Young — In His Own Words
Jon Anderson — And Then There Were None

December, 1981
Blondie — Debbie Harry's Dark Roots
Moody Blues — Song Without End
Hall & Oates — Catchy Kind Of Guys
Foreigner — The Less The Merrier
Rossington Collins Band — Will Success Spoil Them?

February, 1982
Kiss — Go For Broke
Molly Hatchet — Rock & Roll Gasoline
Billy Joel — The Lone Ranger
Grateful Dead — Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
Adam & The Ants — Going In Style

November, 1981
The Rolling Stones — Confessions Of A Fanatic
Billy Squier — Man On The Run
Journey — Once Captured, Now Escaped
The Allman Brothers Band — Judgment Day
Joe Walsh — Eagle Flies Alone

January, 1982
Hit Parader's Top Ten: Readers Vote AC/DC #1 Rock Act In America
Stevie Nicks — Poetry In Motion
Black Sabbath vs. Ozzy Osbourne — Clash Of The Titans
Paul McCartney — Fame And Misfortune

October, 1981
Queen — Fun In Space
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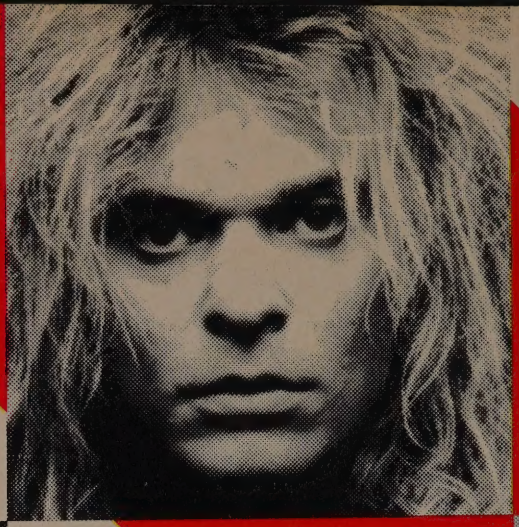

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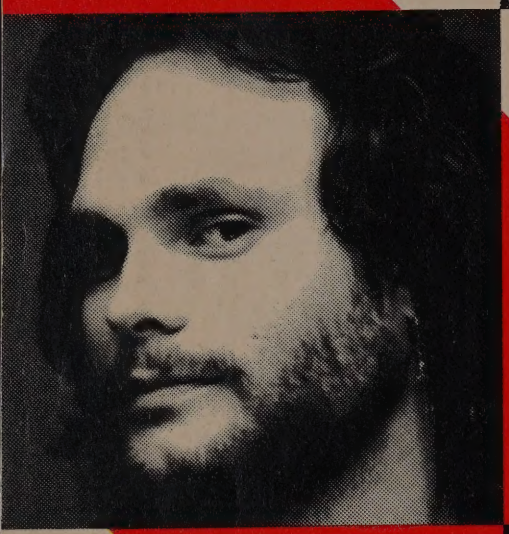

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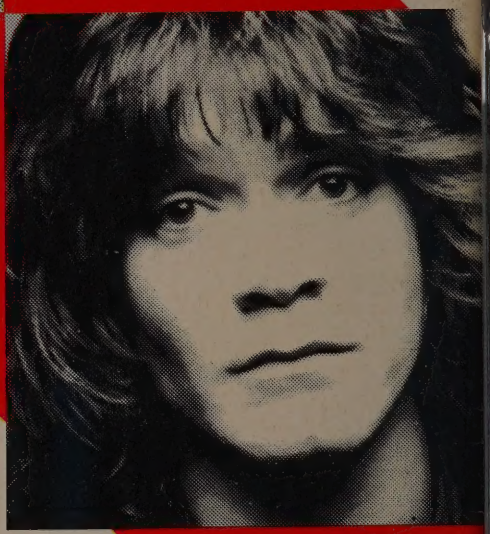

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FEATURING
"(OH) PRETTY WOMAN,"
"DANCING IN THE STREET"

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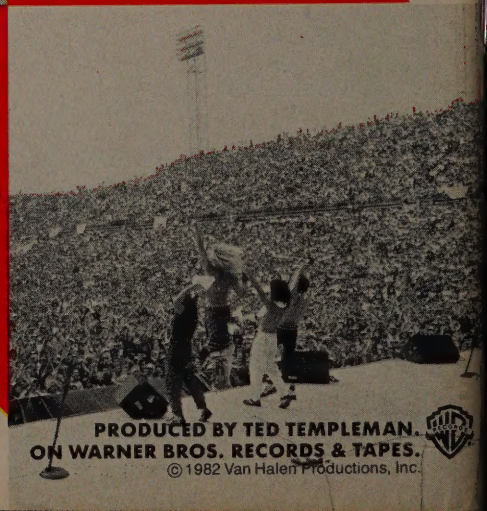

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